

THIS IS ENGLAND TODAY

ALLAN NEVINS

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By

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Sometime Harmsworth Professor of American History in the
University of Oxford

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A



To

ROBERT H. HODGKIN, M.A.

The Provost of Queen's College, Oxford

And To

That Goodly Company of Gentlemen and Scholars

The Fellows of Queen's

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Preface

This book has an exceedingly modest purpose. I went to Great Britain without the slightest intention of taking notes or writing a volume, however slender. My only wish was that I might in some fashion make myself useful to the land which had invited me to visit it. In pursuance of this object, I found time in the intervals of my academic duties to travel widely over the island, making speeches for the Ministry of Information in factories, churches, and public halls, performing some services for the Workers' Educational Association, and lecturing in various universities. In the course of writing for various British journals and speaking for the B.B.C. I met a considerable number of journalists and broadcasters, while I was also given an opportunity to see something of important British officials. On my return it seemed worth while to present some of the fruits of my six months of observation in the American press. So many requests have been made from both American and British sources that this material be reprinted that I here present it, with very considerable changes and additions. It is a small sheaf of chapters, but it is an attempt to give an honest account of what seemed to me the essen-

tial changes in a nation racked and altered as never before in its history by the demands of a desperate war—a nation whose staunchness and heroism won my deepest admiration.

New York, September 1, 1941

This Is England Today

Currents of Change

“There’ll always be an England”—but in fact there have always been a number of Englands; for the national character has many sides, the national life presents numerous aspects. Today there are pre-eminently two Britains. One is the Britain of the headlines: the chief bulwark of civilization against the Nazi onslaught, the leader of the democratic world in beating back totalitarian weapons and ideas. This Britain is a great dynamic power, commanding the admiration of free mankind. It maintains the world’s most powerful navy, the world’s most effective air force; it feeds long battle-lines in Africa and Asia; it has marshalled the resources of an empire stretching across the seven seas. Its feats on the wave, in the field, and above the clouds add luster to the nation’s history. The other is the Britain behind the headlines and the battle-lines; a country undergoing a profound internal reorganization. This Britain is concentrating its energies on one object as never before; altering its old structure of manufacturing and business into a war-economy; shifting populations and breaking down social lines. The trials and achievements of this second Britain receive little attention in the press, but

they are quite as remarkable as those of the Britain that fights battles over half the globe.

Great Britain came out of the First World War greatly changed, but not profoundly transformed. The normal effect of war on a people as tenacious, conservative, and sensible as the British is not to produce anything revolutionary, but simply to accelerate evolutionary tendencies already in motion. Thus it was in 1914-18. Thus many people believed it could be after 1939. The general expectation up to May 10, 1940, was that revolutionary alterations would be avoided. But at 3:30 A.M. that day the Germans began bombing the airdromes and barracks at The Hague, and the airfields of Rotterdam and Amsterdam. At dawn their mechanized columns were crossing the frontiers of Holland, Luxembourg, and Belgium. The rapid conquest of these small countries and the overthrow of France made revolutionary changes in Britain unescapable; for upon speed in change and completeness of change depended the nation's very life. It stood alone—no allies were left. Still half defenceless, it faced the certainty of a terrific air attack and the probability of an invasion. It had to make a convulsive, desperate effort; to throw its whole energy into the manifold tasks of war without delay. No time existed for careful planning or leisurely adaptation. As the people instantly accepted a practical dictatorship, so they accepted a new organization and orientation of their whole life.

When I arrived in England in the first days of 1941,

the Battle of Britain had been fought and won. In one August day when the Germans sent more than a thousand aircraft to assail aerodromes and other objectives in southern England, they lost 180; in one September day, after the attack had swung to the city of London, they lost 185. Daylight attacks on the island were too costly to be continued. The Germans had turned to night bombing, and in my third month in Britain they killed and wounded almost ten thousand people. I found the British struggling to meet these attacks. I found them laboring feverishly to strengthen and equip the forces which were holding Egypt and the Suez, and with which Wavell was already making his triumphant sweep through Libya; the forces also which were soon to liberate Abyssinia from the Italian thralldom. They were keeping the seas open—above all, the North Atlantic, whence help was flowing from Canada and the United States, and the Indian Ocean, whence materials and men were coming from Australasia and India. They were bombing German military objectives with steady accuracy and increasing strength. The island was being turned into a humming workshop, and at the same time into an impregnable fortress. But behind these obvious facts, what was going on in Great Britain? What was the state of affairs there?

Various Britons and Americans had told me in Lisbon, on my way through, that I would find life in Great Britain astonishingly normal. Similar statements have been made in the United States by returning visitors.

What these observers meant, no doubt, was that perfect order reigns in the island; that no disarray or confusion is evident, and daily life proceeds with astonishing regularity. After the worst air-raids on London milk-bottles and newspapers would be delivered at the door, mail distributed, and telephone calls put through much as if nothing had happened. But in any less superficial sense, the idea that British life is normal is of course absurd. The island is simply boiling with change; authority has been centered as never before in governmental hands, and all wealth, all productive power, all activities, are being socialized or pooled in a way that would have seemed impossible three years ago.

Even a first impression of England today should dispel any idea of normality. For what at once strikes a traveller who has known the country well is its shabby, unkempt, and semi-dilapidated look. Normally Britain is the trimmest, neatest, and in some respects prettiest of countries, its streets clean, its stone and brick buildings sprucely kept, its lawns and gardens offering delightful vistas. Today the country seems neglected. Houses, shops, fences and vehicles have gone unpainted. Only the most urgent repairs have been made on buildings. Indeed, any construction work costing more than £100 requires a license, and the Government has systematically diverted painters, carpenters and plumbers to war-time tasks. Iron railings have been torn down for scrap. Roads, as I found when I motored over central England to address meetings, are full of holes and rough spots

worn by heavy lorries. In the railway cars upholstery is worn threadbare; in many homes furniture, rugs, and wall paper are growing dingy.

Business streets present an aspect very different from that of pre-war days, when the brasses were brightly polished, the doorways immaculate, the window-displays attractive though a little overcrowded. Now the plate-glass is pasted over with gauze netting or criss-crossed with strips of cloth to reduce the danger from blast; the entrances of many of the hotels and larger shops have brick barriers built just outside them for the same reason; in the halls or behind the counters stand spades, stirrup-pumps, and buckets of sand and water ready for instant use if incendiaries drop. If bombs have actually fallen, many windows will be closed with beaver-board or pine planking, a few panes in the center sufficing to show samples of the wares carried within. Nor, even under the best of circumstances, are the window displays what they once were. Empty cartons often stand as symbols of goods that manufacturer and retailer hope to be able to sell at some future date. In badly blitzed cities, of course, a great deal of wreckage is visible: heaps of rubble, half-demolished buildings, deep holes roughly fenced for safety, cracked and broken pavements. Altogether, the cities and towns of the island show a decided physical deterioration.

The people, especially outside London, are more shabbily dressed than of old; they wear old suits, old dresses, old shoes. To be sure, many women under forty are in

uniform, and they and the soldiers look fresh and neat. But civilian clothing is rationed on a sixty-six-coupons-a-year basis which gives every household just about as many garments as a family spending £3 to £4 (\$12 to \$16) a week for all its costs used to have. The manufacture of silk stopped last December; silk stockings have largely given way to wool or cotton, and the first summer days saw many girls on the streets with no stockings at all. Top hats and evening dress are seldom seen in even the smartest restaurants. Wearing apparel is valued for its durability rather than its smartness; shirts, suits, and coats are advertised for their long-wearing qualities and fast dyes, large sales of special rubber undersoles are made to help shoes last longer, and a leading manufacturer of women's underwear advertises a national repair service for garments that wear out.

All this is part of the general stringency of materials: a stringency that runs through leather goods, rubber goods, paper goods (even wrapping paper), and such metal goods as razor blades, typewriters and tinware, and that extends even to corsets or girdles and to false teeth.

No nation can mobilize the greater part of its manpower for the tasks of war without slighting all non-essential activities. The shortages of many commodities, the general shabbiness, and the reliance upon a thousand makeshifts are so natural a result of the conflict that the sojourner soon grows used to them. Like the blackout, they become part of the general atmosphere of life. Only

some special incident brings them to mind. Leaving King's Cross Station for Scotland in May, for example, I saw my fellow passengers looking excitedly at some bright object—it was a string of freshly painted railroad coaches, the first most of us had seen for months! But the general dinginess is taken for granted. And it should be said that much of the rural landscape of Britain has actually been improved by wartime changes. As contracts for outdoor advertising have lapsed, billboards and signs have been taken down. Country roads may bear a good deal of military traffic, but they have lost most of their "trippers." Many hamlets, to the joy of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, have regained their pre-automobile aspect.

Meanwhile much more land is being tilled. England has always been primarily a country of rich green grasslands, and of course still is; till recently only about a fifth of the whole agricultural area was under the plow. But any observant traveller nowadays can see that the proportions of meadow and tillage are being altered. This spring, tractors (which are now astonishingly numerous in Great Britain) and the big Clydesdale and Shire horses were busy in every direction with plows and harrows. Since the war began nearly four million acres of grass have been broken up and seeded. It took the Italian Government thirteen years to drain the Pontine marshes; the British Government reclaimed an equal area of marshland in seven months. Hedges have been trimmed, gorse patches uprooted. The authorities, striving to raise

the standard of agriculture, have taken possession of nearly 2000 mismanaged farms in England and Wales. As R. S. Hudson, the Minister of Agriculture, told the Commons in April, "the face of the countryside has been transformed." Rural Britain never looked better kept or more productive than today.

The second great fact which is likely to strike a traveller in Britain is the immensity of the recent shifts in population. The British people used to be static—at least by American standards; but the war has caused tremendous displacements. While I was unable to obtain any precise figures from the Government, it is clear that a great part of the 47,500,000 people have changed their homes. A map of wartime population changes issued by a large business house (Lord & Thomas, Ltd.) to "enable retailers to see at a glance how their own particular locality has been affected," perhaps has a fair degree of accuracy. According to its figures, London has lost twenty-seven per cent of its former population; Essex and Kent, which border on the Thames estuary, have lost sixteen per cent and eleven per cent respectively; East Sussex, looking across the Channel to France, has lost twelve per cent. The counties immediately around London on the west and north have, as we should expect, increased heavily—Hertford twenty-two per cent, Bucks thirty-five per cent, and Berks thirty per cent. We should also expect that the west of England would gain. According to the estimates given in this map, the population of Herefordshire, on the border of Wales,

has risen by twenty per cent, and that of Cornwall by seventeen per cent. The reasons for this shifting are various.

Part of the movement, of course, is military. Vast army camps are scattered over the land and the soldiers are frequently shifted from one area to another. The trains are crowded with these troops, and with multitudes of soldiers on short leaves home, all wearing full equipment—tin hat, gas mask, blanket, knapsack and arms. Women in the various services—WAAFS, WRENS, ATS—are similarly moved from post to post. So are many civilians in government offices, for departments formerly in London are now scattered far and wide in provincial cities.

An equally large part of the shift in population is industrial, and much of it will be permanent. Whole areas have forsaken their normal employments. The north-western area about Liverpool and Manchester, for example, used to be mainly engaged in textile manufacture. That industry has been half paralyzed by the stoppage of cotton and woollen imports. Most of the population which depended on it has shifted to factories producing airplanes, tanks, and munitions, and this has frequently meant a change of residence. Many of the luxury industries so prominent in and about London have had their production reduced to one half, one third, or even one fifth of the old level, and the majority of their operatives have had to seek new homes. The government has sternly enforced and directed a flow of

labor from non-essential to essential industries, and has set up great armament-training centers capable of fitting several hundred thousand persons a year for their new work. As part of its broad dispersal plan, the government has also transferred many vital manufactories from the great cities to safer country areas, and the workers with them. The authorities have similarly scattered the production of essential machine-parts in such a way that no single bomb-hit can hold up an assembly line; the workers have been scattered too. Women have been taken hundreds of miles to new munitions works where they live in hostels, or to join the land army, or to do their bit in some other way.

Finally, a large part of the movement of population is a result of the bombing. The evacuation of highly dangerous areas has been as far as possible kept on a voluntary basis, but it has involved prodigious shifts. The semi-deserted look of great areas of western London—Mayfair, Kensington, Bayswater, Chelsea—is as depressing as the actual destruction. Newspaper men told me that at least a million people, possibly two millions, had left the city. While the authorities gave no precise figures for the whole exodus, they stated in April that eighty per cent of the normal child population of London was in reception districts. Similar evacuations have taken place from Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow. From towns on the channel and western ports like Swansea, Cardiff, and Bristol many have moved inland.

The result has been a huge expansion of the population of safer places like Winchester, Reading, Salisbury, Bath, Exeter, Gloucester, Oxford, York, and Durham. Sometimes the worried people of these towns exaggerate it. At Chester, for example, various people assured me that the population of that lovely old city on the Dee had risen by about a fifth, with much consequent crowding. I asked the town officers about it. "Not a word of truth in those statements," the mayor and chief health officer said. "What has happened is this. We have a good many factories scattered in small places about Chester. Of course they are now running full blast. The factory workers have good money in their pockets, and the natural place to come to spend it is Chester. They catch the buses in at evening—especially Saturday nights; they go into the shops; they fill the cinemas. Why, Chester has a cinema capacity of about ten thousand seats, and on most nights every seat is occupied! A real danger that is—in case of a blitz. Residents here see these out-of-town people on the pavements, in the shops, at the bus stops, and get the notion that Chester is full of évacués. As a matter of fact, the population is almost precisely what it was when war was declared."

But in other cities, as their officers told me, no doubt whatever existed about the increase; and frequently it causes painful congestion. In Oxford, for example, where the number of évacués from London and other centers was authoritatively placed at about 25,000, houses

were unobtainable and tiny lodgings were eagerly snapped up; the shopping center was overcrowded, and a heavy strain was placed on some rationed supplies; while the limited number of barbers, cobblers, and others who performed personal services had more than they could do. Old residents spoke irritably of the jammed buses and swarming sidewalks. Nevertheless, few people believe that the movement from frequently bombed towns has been overdone. The Government, in fact, has been severely blamed for not undertaking compulsory evacuation of mothers, children, and old people in Plymouth, earlier than it did (May 4), and for its rule (now modified) that children under five could be included in evacuation schemes only if accompanied by a parent.

The social effects of this dispersion and resettlement of the population will be enormous. Many people never will go back to their old homes. London may well be permanently smaller. As Lord Horder says, the scattering of slum children throughout the country has raised the level of their health, their manners, and their ambitions. Regional lines and class lines are being broken down as never before; the people are of necessity showing more neighborliness and community spirit—more essential democracy. Indeed, nothing impresses a foreign observer more than the apparent change in the attitude of middle-class Britons toward each other and toward the lower classes. They used to show courtesy without warmth. Now, under the pressure of common suffer-

ings and sacrifices, they show more kindness, consideration, and sympathy. They are ready to share their homes with evacués, their cars with any stranger on the road; they pour out money for the Lord Mayor's Fund and other good causes. The people of the country present more unity than ever before.

A third great fact which immediately strikes the observer is the profound industrial transformation. Not merely has the conflict immensely stimulated industry in general, so that smoking chimneys dot nearly every landscape, but unemployment has almost disappeared. (On April 21 a count showed but 196,366 unemployed men.) Industry is also being controlled and concentrated to an unprecedented and epoch-making degree. At first the visitor may regard many of the omnipresent shortages as accidental or haphazard, but this is an error. The Government has deliberately caused nearly all of them by its orders for limiting supplies. The production of carpets, linoleum and other floor-coverings is now one third the pre-war figure; that of trunks and bags the same; that of cutlery and hollow-ware one fourth. Since the summer of 1940 no automobile manufacturing has been permitted except for export. So we might run through a long list. The shortages save materials for war uses. They save labor for war employments. They save money, for workers with nothing to spend it on buy war bonds. And they do much to prevent a runaway price-inflation.

Where goods are available, the government has de-

liberately increased their price by a heavy "purchase tax" levied on wholesale distributors. The main object is to reduce consumption and production; the secondary object, of course, is to obtain a revenue. On most consumers' goods the tax stands at the high level of 33 1/3 per cent. On some, such as clothing, shoes, and dishes, it is only half as much, while food and various other absolutely essential articles are not taxed at all. Like all forms of sales tax, this levy falls with special severity upon workmen and others of low income; but the theory is that the various forms of government aid and compensation enable these groups to bear it. That the tax accomplishes its main object there can be no doubt whatever. Like the priorities orders and the "limitation of supplies" orders, its effect is to reduce the output of non-essential goods.

Meanwhile, the Board of Trade has adopted drastic steps to concentrate production in non-essential industries in a limited number of "nucleus firms." It has taken for this purpose the most "efficient" firms in the sense of those which get the best production from a given amount of labor, and which place the least strain (from their location or otherwise) on housing and transport needed for war industries. By June 1 the board had compelled some twenty-five industries to adopt "voluntary" schemes for this concentration. Hundreds of factories had been closed; their forces were being transferred to "nucleus plants" or war industries; their selling organizations were being disbanded. Before midsum-

mer nearly 110,000 workers had been released or were being made available for release, while a vast amount of factory space—sixteen or seventeen million square feet—was at the disposal of the Government for war uses. This was a considerable achievement, and the task was still being pushed. The president of the board at that time, Oliver Lyttelton, had simultaneously been taking measures to induce many of the retail shops of Britain, numbering about one million, to regroup themselves by what he called wartime marriages. Unitary shops, handling one product like sports goods, or clothing, or china, are being replaced by multiple shops which handle a number of commodities.

All this means not only an economic but a social transformation. By hundreds, once-prosperous manufacturers have quit business. By tens of thousands, retailers have followed them. A great part of the middle-class population has lost its old means of livelihood. Employment abounds for the able-bodied; but a factory-owner who once made a large income from producing lace-goods or fountain-pens or china, a merchant who once had a West End shop, finds no appeal in a £4-a-week job in a munitions plant. If such men have saved money, they can ride out the storm. If they have not—and tens of thousands haven't—they face a dark prospect.

Britain has less working-class poverty now than for years past—the improvement in the shipbuilding and coal-mining areas, such as South Wales and the Tyne

Valley, is remarkable. It is an improvement in morale as well as pocket; for men who used to stand listless and hopeless on the streets, without money, work, or ambition, are now alert, interested, and hopeful. But a new problem has taken the place of the old. The country has an enormous quivering mass of newly emerged middle-class poverty. A multitude of once well-to-do folk have been depressed first to the level of the shabby-genteel, and then that of the genteel-impooverished. They are willing to make sacrifices. The most resourceful find new avenues for enterprise. But this revolution, like all others which remake a society, produces an immense amount of inconvenience and misery. The sufferers can best comfort themselves by thinking how much better off they are, at the very worst, than the enslaved people of Poland, of Norway, of France—and of Germany herself.

But great social changes in Britain are unescapable if the nation is to be saved; for all elements of strength have to be mobilized and pitted against the enemy in the most effective way. Every one knows this. Every one knows also that a rough equality of sacrifice is being asked of the people. The Government demands that everybody give his efforts to the utmost. Food-rationing offers the rich and poor much the same fare. A millionaire can get no more red meat, butter, or jam than a workingman, and cannot get as much cheese as the farmer or miner. Clothes-rationing gives every one much the same wardrobe. Plans have been made by the gov-

ernment for a standard type of men's suit, its price strictly controlled, which will soon be appearing ready-made in the shops at sixty-five shillings for tweeds, seventy-five shillings for worsteds (\$13 and \$15) each. The quality of the cloth will be guaranteed—and earls and mechanics will in many instances be buying the same fabrics. A farm cottage in Cumberland is better than a mansion in Park Lane; in fact, the Park Lane houses are mere shells through whose ruined windows the passer-by can see trees waving in their gardens. Basement flats are at a premium while penthouses go begging. Nearly everybody except young children and old people does some socially valuable work. Many boys of fifteen and sixteen pay income tax on their munitions-plant wages, and I have seen a grandmother (who incidentally was the wife of the head of one of the principal Oxford colleges) bicycle away to her daily job in a maternity hospital. When people who have lost nearly everything—kindred, home, savings—can be encountered on every side, few who have suffered less care to complain.

Nearly every one in Britain expects to be poor after the war. "We shall all be poor together," they say. It is impossible to see how any very rich groups can long survive. Certainly nobody is being allowed to make great wartime fortunes, and the fiscal system steadily and surely erodes the larger accumulations of wealth. Walter M. Wills, the Bristol tobacco manufacturer, died January 26th, leaving an estate of £4,317,360; of this the death-duties took £2,815,284, and taxation will

consume most of the remaining income. It is practically impossible for even the richest Briton nowadays to have an income of more than £5000 (\$20,000) a year. At the same time, the social insurance legislation has placed a solid floor of security under the poorest classes. During the spring I found that the keenest interest was being taken in certain circles in a new measure intended to adjust this legislation to war conditions—"the National Health Insurance, Contributory Pensions and Workmen's Compensation Bill." This is only a stop-gap, but meanwhile a committee under Sir William Beveridge is working on plans for the major enactment which will have to follow the war. The essential point is that as great wealth is being abolished so genuine want is being made impossible.

Some degree of inflation is universally expected. Indeed, wholesale prices of "all commodities" in May, 1941, were stated by the Government to be already 45.8 per cent more than prices in August, 1939. Henry Clay, the economist, told me that the cost of living had risen roughly thirty per cent since the war began; but such figures are largely illusory, for many commodities simply cannot be bought. People also expect great economic readjustments and hardships after the war. Governmental controls of a hundred sorts will have to be continued. Even reckoning with the task of rebuilding the bombed towns, most Britons anticipate a slump in industry and employment. Many told me that they did not see how the United Kingdom could support its 47,-

750,000 people, and that heavy emigration would be inevitable.

Great Britain, in brief, is in a state of profound and far-reaching upheaval. Carrying the heaviest war burden of her history, she has had to reorganize her national life in the most drastic fashion. From top to bottom society is being transformed. The best evidence of the fine quality of British civilization is the fact that this social and economic reorganization is being carried through with more than Spartan fortitude—with self-sacrificing cheerfulness. The war has uprooted millions and impoverished millions; it has changed and reshaped every life in the island. But it has given Britain already a larger democracy and a truer fraternalism. We may well use the term magnificent for the courage of the British cities in withstanding the bombers; for the valor of the R.A.F. in turning the battle of Britain into the battle of Germany; for the heroic constancy of the seamen who go out month after month to face the submarines. But there is something finer in the patient endurance of the plain people of the islands; laboring fiercely and suffering terrible losses, they see their old ways of life, their familiar society and well-tested economy, completely altered. The old Britain is dying, and a new Britain is being born. They know that it is incapable—and they hope that it will be a better Britain.

II

Britain and the Bombings

“How do the British stand up to the bombings? What do the worst-bombed cities really look like? What is the effect of the raids on the daily routine of life?” These are the questions every one in America asks. But the queries that are really important would probe somewhat deeper. Has the productivity of British industry been noticeably impaired by the heavy raiding? Every one knows that the spirit of the people is unbroken. But the bombs have fallen more heavily on the poor than the rich, on certain cities than on others. Has the unity of the population been diminished?—and is this unbroken spirit a spirit of grim resignation, or one of rising anger and determination? Do the British show any tendency to abandon their carefully planned scheme of bombing military objectives, and go in for measures of vengeance?

(Arriving in midwinter, I found that the island had been enjoying a partial respite from the very heaviest bombing. That is, the frightful attacks of September and October, 1940, in which a total of nearly 13,500 people had been killed, had not been maintained. In November only 4588 had been slain, and in December

and January the decline continued. Widespread destruction and grief were caused in Manchester by heavy raids just before Christmas, giving that city the blackest holiday season in its history. A rain of incendiaries on London a few nights afterward had caused disastrous fires in the City or business area. But on the whole, German air-activity had decreased. Why? Various guesses were hazarded. The best-informed opinion was that the Germans found the weather too uncertain and dangerous. They were hampered by adverse western winds, frequent storms of rain and snow, bad ground-mists in northern France and Holland, and the inadequacy of their small fields in that area. At any rate, the fact was there. Then in March, as the weather improved and the winds came more steadily from the east, raiding was resumed on a savage scale. In April it rose still higher and in May remained intense. I was thus able to observe Great Britain in a period of heavy attack, when some cities suffered terribly from fierce and repeated bombings.

"It is impossible," wrote the Lady Mayoress of Plymouth (Lady Astor) on April 4, after the worst of that city's ordeal, "for the ordinary person to visualize a blitz unless he has lived through one." That is true, and true in the sense that a blitz is much worse than most people can imagine before it occurs. Again and again in Great Britain a city has made what it considered to be adequate preparations. Then when the German bombers swept over, the inhabitants found that some as-

pects of the disaster were more frightful than they had anticipated, and that their measures were insufficient. An air raid converts a city into a battlefield; the din, the confusion, the swift emergencies, and, alas, the butchery and anguish of the battlefield are all present.

Yet great as the suffering and social dislocation have been, the raids on Britain have not materially affected the war. All the savage, indiscriminate German attacks have failed to do that because, first, the damage to vital war industries has been small; because, second and more important, they have not lowered the spirit of the people, but have rather raised and hardened it—have not lessened the unity of the population, but strengthened it; and because, in the third place, they have not deflected the British authorities for an instant from their determination to bomb war objectives alone, and to bomb them strictly according to plan.

In six months in Great Britain I saw most of the heavily stricken cities. The centers which had suffered most tragically in proportion to their extent and population seemed to me to be Clydebank, Birkenhead and its neighbor on the Mersey called Wallasey, Coventry, Southampton, and Bristol. Undoubtedly Plymouth and Portsmouth should be added to the list, but them I did not see. The damage in great parts of Liverpool and London was appalling. That is, in both there were areas amounting to many acres which were simply hummocked expanses of broken brick, stone, mortar, glass, and slate, while the principal streets were pocked with

shattered buildings. In Birmingham and Manchester the damage could be termed very heavy, while in Sheffield it was far from light. Belfast, which I did not visit, has also been hard hit; late in April one raid cost about 500 dead and more than 1500 injured. Some of the East Coast towns, such as Hull—not long ago the third port of the kingdom—have been raided again and again, though I found York, Durham, and Newcastle, like Edinburgh, almost unscathed.

Yet in not one of the centers which I was able to visit had the important war facilities, so far as I saw them, been put out of action or badly crippled. In most of the cities the mills, factories, docks, wharves, and shipbuilding works were operating with full vigor. This was because the German raiding had been ill-planned, blindly sporadic, and clumsily executed. It was the raiding of a dirty fighter hitting out to cause pain, not to strike a vital spot.

Clydebank, the busy shipbuilding town which stretches for miles along the north or Dumbartonshire side of the Clyde just below Glasgow, and which was particularly vulnerable to an attack on life because of its masses of tall stone tenements, suffered two brutal raids on the nights of March 13-15. The first night the attack lasted nine hours; on the second it was somewhat shorter. I happened to reach this area the morning the second raid was ending. Glasgow hospitals were choked with the wounded, and Glasgow homes filled with évacués. For that matter, Glasgow herself had re-

ceived a considerable number of bombs and land-mines—the latter huge bombs dropped by parachute, which means that they may land anywhere the wind carries them, and so made that they explode on contact, doing more lateral damage than bombs which penetrate before going off. Herbert Morrison later made a special announcement in Parliament that in these two nights about 1100 people were killed. The first official estimates had been far too low.

The Lord Provost of Glasgow, Sir Patrick Dollan, said that sixty per cent of the houses in this community of about 95,000 people were destroyed or uninhabitable. Yet the great John Brown shipbuilding works and others, the wharves and docks that make Clydebank so busy a port area, the vessels in the river itself, were hardly touched. The Germans had come over at a great height, 20,000 to 30,000 feet; they had ringed Clydebank with incendiary bombs, and then they had poured incendiaries and high explosives inside the blazing oval. Accurate aim had been impossible. The moon was full and a blazing timber yard supplied light like a gigantic torch; yet from their high altitude the bombers could hit nothing but the general target. Work in the area limped for a few days because many hands were killed, wounded or exhausted, and because the fire-fighting, the work of the demolition squads, and the labor of restoring essential public services required many men. Then it fell into its old stride again—with a number of the Clydebank com-

munists cured of their former attitude, and ready to put their fiercest effort into the war.

Now this raid might conceivably have been made truly effective for war purposes—as effective as some of the British raids on Kiel and Wilhelmshaven. It failed of this because the Germans were intent on frightfulness. If they had taken the risks of coming down low and had aimed carefully at predetermined targets, they could doubtless have put important works out of commission. But they wanted to keep above the wires of the captive balloons, which reach up perhaps five thousand feet, and above the anti-aircraft fire, which was not heavily effective above twenty thousand feet. They probably knew that much of Clydebank is on a ridge, and that when the water-mains were cut, the fires would rage unchecked. They hoped to sicken the workers with a huge casualty list of people killed by bomb-fragments, burned alive, or crushed by falling masonry. They would have gloated over the long list of death notices which I saw in the Glasgow papers, some chronicling the extinction of a whole family. “Suddenly, on March 15, Edward McElroy and his wife Jean; also on March 16, their daughter Margaret.” “Suddenly, on March 15, at a casualty hospital, Marion Keith.” The English newspapers a few weeks later picked up a statement made by a German airman in a broadcast. He told his German auditors that when they came over Glasgow and Clydebank they plainly saw beneath them the shipyards, the

wharves, and the vessels in the river. But they made no attempt to hit them. "We had other orders." Their hope was to break the popular morale as they broke people's hearts. But as I can testify, the only result they accomplished was to fill all Southern Scotland with a burning desire to push the war to a victorious conclusion.

The press reported that one German machine did come down low. While fire-boats and firemen were playing streams from the river, an airplane repeatedly tried to machine-gun them, but without inflicting any casualties.

The situation seemed much the same in other centers. In the handsome city of Bristol the damage from repeated raids was heartrending. Architecturally, Bristol is not unlike a small edition of the older, more historic part of London, with winding streets, fine old churches, and lovely backwaters holding quaint survivals of the past. Fortunately, its proudest possession, St. Mary Redcliffe, the most beautiful parish church in England, which takes rank with any of the smaller cathedrals, was still intact when I left. But many of its finest structures now are gone. They range from that beautiful relic of the Renaissance, St. Peter's Hospital, with its ornate timbering and its entrance curiously embellished with scriptural designs, to the recently built Great Hall of Bristol University, which went up in flames along with the fine library of King's College, London, brought thither for "safety." They include the fourteenth century almshouses; the Temple Church with its memories

of the crusaders; the Hole-in-the-Wall Tavern where Stevenson is said to have invented Long John Silver. The art gallery and library have been damaged; the city museum was so heavily blasted that for a time its stuffed giraffe leered crazily from the roofless, wall-less upper floor.

Yet in Bristol nearly all the important war facilities were unscathed. The General Hospital was half destroyed, but ships were unloading and loading at the great basin in the heart of town. Many fine old fifteenth and sixteenth century houses were reduced to flinders; but the factories which ring the city outskirts had been little hurt. I was driven about by Doctor Thomas Loveday, the able vice-chancellor of the university, and his son-in-law. Some idea of the ruin in the shopping and residential area may be gained from the fact that at various intersections they became lost. Nothing but rubble stretched on either hand and the familiar landmarks were gone. Even they had not learned of all the city's losses.

"Look," said the son-in-law, "there is the school-house where Thomas Chatterton's father was master—it is still safe!" But as we drew abreast of this old free school in Pyle Street we saw that one whole end had been smashed. And I heard that the house in Wine Street where Coleridge and Southey (who married Bristol sisters) talked of their ideal community or pantisocracy on the Susquehanna had been laid in ashes.

Yet the industrial districts were mainly intact. Fac-

tories smoked and rumbled. Vessels lay alongside the Broad Quay; the shipyards about Floating Harbour seemed busier than ever—as busy as when the *Great Western* was built here a century ago, and the first regular steam communication between Britain and America was established out of the port. The fine suspension bridge which crosses the Avon to connect Bristol with its main suburb, Clifton, was untouched. Down at Avonmouth, a few miles distant, the wharves and port installations were safe. Under the shelter of a circle of captive balloons, which that day gleamed and flashed, far aloft, like silver in the bright sunlight, ships were loading and unloading. As a wartime asset, Bristol was little hurt.

In Southampton it seemed to me that fully one third of the business area was demolished or rendered unusable. Indeed, perhaps only half the old area devoted to shops and offices was being utilized—though that was trim, neat, and busy. At one point in the poorer residential district a rough rectangle of nearly ten acres was one level desert of broken brick and mortar. At another a citizen pointed ruefully to a broad depression, littered with stone. “That used to be the public library,” he said.

Yet the great piers were obviously for the most part in working order, their cranes and tracks, their sheds and warehouses, little damaged. The custom house still stood. The great station-hotel of the Southern Railroad near the wharves was open for business. Small children

played in the streets near the water front, for their parents were hard at work. One of my excuses for visiting the place was to see God's House, a home for the aged founded by Henry VIII and now owned and maintained by my college at Oxford, Queen's. Though it and the old Huguenot church of St. Julien, also college property, are close to the parade overlooking the water, they were unharmed. The lovely garden, bright with banks of flowers, was as serene as if war never existed. Out on the parade itself the Pilgrim's Monument, recording the departure of the *Mayflower* from that port and the fact that John Alden was born in Southampton, was untouched. In fact, the area of the piers, the graving docks, and the so-called new docks—the most important part of the town from a military point of view—had received few bombs. A different story could be told of Plymouth and of parts of Liverpool, where real war damage has been done. But in Southampton the bombing had obviously been widely indiscriminate, had fallen mainly on shopping and residential areas, and had left the port little harmed.

In Sheffield the visitor looks out from Victoria Station, on one of the hills rimming the town, upon an expanse of smoking chimneys that rivals Pittsburgh. Sheffield lies in a basin of the River Don, with picturesque residential terraces about the edges, and the crowded business district in the center. The steel and iron mills are well scattered. It was clear that the business area had suffered—but there was very little evidence

that the mills were hurt. On the May afternoon when I paid my visit the blast furnaces, the coke ovens, the rolling mills, and other establishments were obviously humming with activity, and the basin was filled with a heavy reek to which the dozens of smokestacks were adding faster than it could blow away. As for Birmingham, I made that progressive center, so American in its hustle and energy, repeated visits to lecture at the older or downtown branch of its university, and lived for nearly a week at the Midland Hotel, making speeches in various towns of the surrounding district. I thus saw every part of the city. Its shopping streets were gashed and broken. Its central market had been burned to ashes, and food and goods once sold there were being vended in the open air. The cathedral and university (both in the heart of town) had been hit, the former being slightly hurt, and the latter losing its best scientific lecture room, with other facilities. Many residential districts had been sadly battered, the close-packed homes of the poor of course suffering most. But in this indiscriminate and widely scattered bombing, the vital industries had suffered least of all. The most important plants are not in, but just outside Birmingham; and even those within the city had somehow generally escaped. Attempts had obviously been made to hit the railroad lines and stations. Yet no injury of importance had been done to the tracks, and the one heavy bomb that Snow Hill Station had received had merely smashed the glass

of part of the roof and reduced an unimportant building on one of the platforms to flinders.

It was Coventry, however, which struck me as offering the most telling illustration of the inability of the German bombers to do really vital damage with their indiscriminate hail of missiles. As a city Coventry is mutilated beyond all recognition; as a manufacturing area it is still practically unharmed and vigorously busy. The municipal coat of arms is an elephant bearing a castle on his back. The elephant has been badly battered, but the castle stands foursquare.

The tremendous raid at Coventry on November 13-14 last fall was followed this spring by another savage blow. I was shown about the city by Alderman W. Halliwell, Laborite chairman of the emergency committee, who has won a national reputation by his impetuous energy. He told me that when the war began Coventry had about 74,000 houses. In the great blitz between 4000 and 5000 were demolished, and about 50,000 were more or less damaged; many suffering only smashed windows and sprung doors. The death roll for that November night was more than 500. Exact figures cannot be given; some dead bodies are still being found, some never will be found. The Germans poured their main stream of incendiaries and high explosives into the center of this closely packed city, so that the business district has largely disappeared. Along streets from which the rubble had been cleared, temporary one-story shops with open fronts or a few small panes were carrying on

trade. The cathedral tower rose gaunt and impressive over the ruined nave, its shattered walls inclosing uneven piles of stone, brick, lime and glass.

Chairman Halliwell furnished a moving description of the days after the great blitz. The population seemed stunned by the eleven hours of continuous bombing and by the extent of the catastrophe that met their eyes as they crawled from the shelters. "That's it, stunned. They were fair dazed." The water system had been put out of commission, the gas mains were smashed, and some of them were blazing, the electric lighting was gone. Clouds of smoke swirled overhead. Streets were choked with rubbish and pitted with craters; nobody could move two blocks except by a tedious process of trial and error. About 250 unexploded bombs lay in the city, and the first morning Halliwell parked his car beside one. Half the rest centers prepared in advance had been blitzed. Little or no food was available. Most of the groceries and bakeries had disappeared, and the restaurants and hotels were smashed. Haggard families with nothing left but the garments on their backs wandered along the ruined streets looking for shelter. One of the first steps taken was to send around loud-speaker wagons, supplied by the Ministry of Information, which announced that vehicles were standing at such-and-such spots on the outskirts, and would carry the homeless to refuges in neighboring cities and towns. Of course a great many of the stricken people went to friends and relatives.

But the most harrowing task was the burial of the slain. Blast sometimes does terrible things to the human body; so does flying glass and steel, and the collapse of beams and masonry. As workers carried the mangled corpses to the mortuary, the authorities decided to allow nobody to visit it to identify them. "We had to have wills of iron to keep to that decision," Halliwell remarked. Bereaved wives, husbands and parents pleaded for just one look at their dead. But many of the bodies were unrecognizable, and many others so horribly torn that it was out of the question to let people into the hall. "We just begged the mourners to remember their dead as they had last seen them," said Halliwell.

Then they made arrangements for a civic funeral and a communal burial. Coventry happens to have one of the most beautiful cemeteries in England. A power shovel was taken to it, and a deep trench dug. On the morning that they carried the bodies down to a lodge by the cemetery gate, the city had another brief raid. A bomb struck the road leading into the cemetery, and it was necessary to make a new avenue leading around the crater. The delay was explained to the crowds who had gathered, and they waited patiently. When the time came for the concourse to move into the cemetery, Chairman Halliwell realized that if they made a rush for the side of the long grave the consequences might be disastrous. He therefore, with great presence of mind, led the crowd in a sweeping procession along a circuitous route and up alongside the trench. It was an

impressive sight. The services, conducted jointly by Protestant and Catholic clergymen, were extremely moving. "It was all most fitting," said Halliwell. "We had not one word of criticism." The long mound where the dead lie, and the shattered skeleton of St. Michael's Cathedral, all the more striking because its fine Perpendicular tower still soars to a height of more than three hundred feet, struck me as two of the most poignant evidences of what Nazi barbarism had done to England.

This city was so frightfully smashed that when the King arrived they picked him up two and a half miles from the center, and had to make detours aggregating about twenty miles to get him to the heart of town. Yet most of the war industries were quite unhurt. Coventry profited from the fact that industrially it has been practically remade within the last generation. Before 1900 it was largely devoted to cotton-spinning, carpets, ribbons, and textiles generally; then its bicycle and sewing-machine factories flowered into motor, electric, and engineering establishments. This renovation of its industry meant that works were scattered widely about the outskirts. The German attack on the heart of the city had left them unscathed. Chairman Halliwell told me that only one really important plant had been permanently put out of action by the November blitz. A number of small shops engaged on sub-contracting jobs had been smashed, but they did not count. As I drove about the city on three separate visits, I could believe him. The Triumph Engineering Works were in

ruins; so were two textile mills; so were some small iron-foundries. But the great establishments—despite some near misses—were busy.

The first thought of the authorities was to put the factories back into operation. A call was issued over the radio for all persons with catering experience to assemble at the Council House; for perhaps 7000 workers had formerly gotten their midday meal in Coventry, and now had no place to eat. To the astonishment of the authorities, the chamber was packed. Woolworth's and other shops quickly opened restaurants; factories with cafeterias operated them continuously. For water, some three hundred miles of flexible steel pipe were laid on the surface—there was no time to restore the underground mains. It was gotten in a hurry, and the army put it down without delay. Jointless metal piping was similarly laid on the surface for gas. The sewage question was difficult for a time, for the system had been badly smashed, but emergency efforts soon got it in repair. By Christmas nearly all the Coventry workers had gas, electricity, and running water again. Special calls were issued for carpenters and roofers, and a large force was soon repairing the houses. The authorities sent to the potteries in Staffordshire, and got truck loads of tableware as a gift; they sent to Sheffield for knives and forks, which came at once. Other difficulties were quickly met. Of the thirty schools, half a dozen had been demolished, while others were temporarily unusable because of unexploded bombs. But within a few

weeks nearly all of them were operating. People who had worshipped at the cathedral went to the fine Holy Trinity Church hard by; the two principal Baptist and Congregationalist units "doubled up," their ministers taking the pulpit by turns.

Altogether, Coventry lost its stride for only a short time and then carried on. Within a few days the large mills and factories were going back to their regular schedules. The city's drop in population was small; only 15,000 to 25,000 out of a total of 225,000. As war work was resumed, the authorities laid plans for decentralizing the industries, and some factories were moved farther away from the heart of Coventry. This reduced the losses in the April raid.

Of course it would be incorrect to say that no important war damage has been done in Great Britain. Not all of the bombs failed to find military objectives. The docks at Liverpool have suffered heavily along one stretch. Common report this spring had it that a munitions ship had blown up in the Mersey there, and certainly the shoreline and the buildings back of it looked as if some such catastrophe had occurred. In September and October of 1940 the raids on East London and the Thames waterfront set disastrous fires, and caused heavy damage to the London docks. As late as last May this was increased. The raids on Plymouth in late April—five nights out of nine in succession filled with destruction—naturally smashed some works of military and naval value. Any one who goes through Birmingham on the

Great Western passes within a few feet of a huge factory completely gutted. Great warehouses full of valuable goods have been destroyed in some large cities, notably Bristol, Manchester and Liverpool. But by far the larger part of the damage has been without military effect; it is damage to civilian life and the arts and amenities of civilization.

Nowhere is this truer than in London. The great blitz of April 16 there, which I witnessed, was simply a piece of German spitefulness, a vindictive attempt to smash as many as possible of those artistic and historical monuments in which London is so incomparably richer than Berlin. It was a most spectacular affair. The air-raid warning went at nine-thirty in the evening, and waves of bombers kept up the attack until dawn. Scores of searchlights threw up their shafts into the skies; anti-aircraft shells burst high in air like glorious Roman candles; from time to time the Germans loosed groups of chandelier-flares which slowly sank, shedding an eerie yellow light over the roofs. More and more, the flicker of conflagrations raging here and there could be seen over the roof-tops. The crash of bombs went on all night; in one fifteen-minute period I counted twenty which seemed to fall within a mile or two of Broadcasting House. The German object was to cause as much destruction as possible in Westminster, the aristocratic shopping area, and the residential districts abutting on Hyde Park and Green Park. They struck churches, libraries, museums, and public buildings, but the military

damage was negligible. Almost equally barbarous were the attacks in May, when East London again suffered badly, while more of the old, mellow, famous buildings of Central London were destroyed.

Happily, the most precious structures are less hurt than Americans might suppose. The bomb that went through the lantern tower of Westminster Abbey did such restricted harm that damage is hardly visible from the outside. Only a small part of the roof of Westminster Hall has been shattered. The main structure of the Houses of Parliament is intact; so is the main structure of St. Paul's. But it is sad to look at the ruins elsewhere—the Guildhall, the Middle Temple and Inner Temple, Gray's Inn, Westminster School, St. Clement Danes, Chelsea Old Church and Chelsea Hospital, a great part of Lambeth Palace, and many another lovely and storied building. Most of the stately Tudor buildings of Charterhouse have been gutted. Only the façade of the Grey Coat Hospital, built in Elizabethan days, remains; the quaint uniformed effigies of a boy and girl which flank the coat-of-arms on the front turn their backs on the ashes of the long hall. In Cheapside the tower and steeple of St. Mary-le-Bow, built by Wren, survive—but nothing else of that handsome church. The list could be made far longer by including valuable modern buildings: for example, Queen's Hall, so long the home of the London Philharmonic, of which only the ticket-office is left. The heavy blows of April and May, with the deaths that they caused—for on April

16 the British lost more lives in London than in the main Greek campaign—did practically no military harm. They were blows at civilization which left Germany as well as the rest of the world permanently poorer.

The indiscriminate bombings were undoubtedly founded upon a German hope to break the morale of the British people by death, maiming, and fear. But the worse-hit the town, the higher the response. The Lord Provost in Glasgow, after describing how Clydesiders had withstood two nights of heavy raiding, burst out: "The spirit of these people is mountainous." That was a good deal for a Scot to say. The Lord Mayor of Bristol made a quieter remark: "The morale of our people is completely unshaken." Churchill put it pithily in a visit to Plymouth: "Their houses are down, but their hearts are up." It is generally agreed that nothing has done more to unify the people of London and arouse their anger than the repeated attempts to bomb Buckingham Palace. It is generally agreed also that the way in which the West End of London welcomed and succored evacuated from the East End after the bombings of the fall of 1940 did much for national cohesion. The East Enders did not like the big rooms, the expensive shops, the lack of old neighbors; they soon flocked home. But something had been done to teach the upper and lower classes that they were going through the ordeal together.

Some anecdotes perhaps illustrate the spirit of heroism, defiance, and growing social unity best. They told me in Bristol of a sixteen-year-old girl who disposed of

eight incendiary bombs in slightly over a half hour, meanwhile changing from a party dress to shorts, and then to slacks. They told me in Coventry of a girl of five who emerged the night after the big blitz for a pint of milk at a portable canteen. It was free. But she was not taking charity. She laid down tuppence with the order: "Put that in the Spitfire fund!" They told me in London of a fire warden, buried five hours in a ruined post, who when dug out said: "Thank you all, mates. You were great." Sir John Simon related to me with feeling a scene he had witnessed in a first-aid station. An old man, badly injured, was brought in and laid down, groaning with pain. Presently an old woman, also injured and groaning with pain, was brought in laid beside him. He reached out and took his wife's hand in his—and their groans ceased; they were content. Another well-known Englishman I heard express his admiration of a specially steadfast group in a sudden outburst: "After this war, Heaven is going to be full of London charwomen."

Every blitz offers plain men an opportunity to astonish their companions—and doubtless themselves—by their capacity for heroism. Every list of citations for the George Medal or the O.B.E. for bravery in civil defense proves this. Take the recent citation of a humble Greenwich citizen named Arthur W. Brittan:

"Five people were trapped in a collapsed building. Brittan crawled through the wreckage and brought out a baby. He then moved a door and beams, found the

mother, and carried her to safety. By crawling and forcing his way further, Brittan rescued one person and recovered the body of another. The roof of the adjoining house then collapsed and almost buried him. With disregard of his own safety he carried on and finally released the last casualty, a man who was pinned down by floor joists. Brittan was under the debris for five hours without relief and displayed initiative, resource and a high courage. Through his exertions four persons were rescued alive."

Or the citation of Nurse Ruby Megan Rosser of a hospital in Lee:

"When a high explosive bomb struck Grove Park Hospital, Nurse Rosser immediately rushed to the bedside of a patient and protected the body and injured head of the sick person from falling debris. She remained until it was possible for the patient and herself to be rescued through a window, despite the fact that the ceiling, together with the floor and equipment of the ward above, continued to fall into the room and there was danger that the whole roof might collapse on top of them."

But the courage may be taken for granted. It happily seems to be latent in most human beings. What is more significant is the unity which the bombings have fostered in the British people. Nothing makes for comradeship like common peril and common suffering. City has risen to help city; the well-to-do have taken the fleeing poor into their homes. In the great civil defense army of

several million men that has arisen to fight what Herbert Morrison calls "the battle of the flames," it is often the ill-educated but practical man who gives orders to those formerly his "betters."

It is additional evidence of the high morale of the people that the demand for vengeance has not become great or widespread. It has unquestionably grown. Mr. Churchill, after touring bombed Manchester on April 26, said: "It's a tragedy, but they will get it back three-fold." The Lord Mayor of Bristol was quoted in April as saying: "Hearts are being hardened against Germany because of the senseless, indiscriminate destruction of places of beauty and history." But when I referred to this in speaking in the city, an auditor rose to say, "There is no bitterness here"—and others nodded. In London I saw a chalked inscription on a smashed house: "Just a slight case of murder"—but no demand for vengeance. A Gallup poll on the question of reprisals for civilian bombing, the results of which were published May 1, showed that sentiment in favor of vengeance was in inverse ratio to the amount of bombing experienced. In the West Riding of Yorkshire sixty-five per cent of those polled approved it, twenty-eight per cent disapproved it. In Inner London, so heavily bombed, forty-five per cent approved and forty-seven per cent disapproved. That speaks well for the civilization and morale of Inner London.

It also speaks well for their good sense. The German program of indiscriminate bombing has utterly failed,

but the British program of carefully planned attack on points of military importance is meeting with success. Full evidence exists that the British bombing is extremely accurate. It falls on arms factories, steel mills, oil refineries, synthetic oil plants, chemical works, ports, railways, and canals. The objects are to cripple the industrial foundation of Germany's war-effort; to disrupt her communications; to reenforce the ocean blockade; and to produce shortages of vital materials. This is far more important, as well as far more civilized, than killing non-combatants and ruining monuments of culture. It is the only way to shorten the war. In mid-April, Britons were elated to learn that the first bombs of a new and specially powerful type had been dropped on Berlin, and that they had been dropped by the new Stirling bombers. But they approved Herbert Morrison's statement: "We make no hysterical noises about reprisals. We have our plans. They will be carried out." The British have mapped out and repeatedly struck at some 270 target-areas of military importance, and mean to keep striking at them.

Winston Churchill is reported to have said, when asked why the R.A.F. did not begin reprisals against civilians, "Business before pleasure." The story is doubtless apocryphal. But there is hard sense in the supposed remark. In bombing, the business of hitting military targets alone counts. Germany's disregard of that rule is both criminality and folly. The British have not let themselves be driven into forgetting it.

III

The Food Problem

Nothing better illustrates the degree to which the government in Great Britain now regulates daily life, the broad equality of sacrifice demanded of everybody, and the general pooling of the nation's resources, than the handling of the food problem. Upon courageous and farsighted action in this field depends the very life of the nation.

Everybody in Great Britain talks about food. It is as much a basic theme of conversation today as liquor was in America during the prohibition years. A titled lady said to me: "I have a standing bet with my husband that whenever we go to another house the discussion will turn to food within ten minutes." Again and again I found a circle of men and women talking of where this or that food could be procured, and of how certain shortages could be obviated.

Yet any Briton would burst into a hearty laugh if asked whether he were undernourished. The general testimony of physicians is that public health was never better. People are no worse for eating less red meat and sugar; and if a workman lacks a sufficiency of good hearty food it is usually because he is spending too much on beer, tobacco and movies. Lord Woolton, Minister

of Food, said on May 28 that after twenty months of war, Britain was "as strongly secured in her food supplies as a year ago."

There is reason for profound thanksgiving in this, and Britons know it. The population to be fed in the United Kingdom had risen between 1917 and 1939 from 41,000,000 to 47,750,000, while the extent of arable land under crops had fallen by 4,500,000 acres. This meant that while the number of human beings for every thousand acres in the last war had been 1195, at the beginning of the present conflict it stood at 1524. Such are the figures recently given by R. S. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture. He added that the general fertility of the land had decreased between the two wars. It was imperative in 1939 to begin a campaign for enlarged farm production. So successful has this been that very nearly 4,000,000 acres of pasture have been brought under the plow. Greatly increased crops of wheat, potatoes, legumes and other foods are being grown to ease the strain on shipping. This, according to Mr. Hudson, is 1,450,000 acres more than were added during the whole of the last war; good evidence of the way the farming community has buckled down to the task of expansion. More than a thousand pig clubs have been formed in England, one by the royal household at Windsor. Meanwhile, food supplies on hand have been intelligently rationed, and fall reserves maintained.

The wartime harvest of 1940 was brought under shelter in good condition everywhere but in northern Eng-

land, where the weather conditions were bad. Though the summer had been dry, it was an extraordinarily good harvest. Most of the newly broken land had been put into oats and barley; and this, with an increase in the wheat-acreage, gave the country an additional million tons of grain. Root crops of all kinds did well. Sugar beets—a comparatively new crop in Britain, fostered since 1924 by subsidies—made a good yield, many districts reporting a record both in tonnage and sugar content. The potato crop was the heaviest ever grown. It is as yet impossible to say what the harvest of 1941 will be. The spring was extraordinarily late, chilly, and dry, but the summer was favorable, and the general prospects were excellent.

Foods in Great Britain are divided, like all Gaul, into three parts: Those available in any reasonable quantity, those doled out in rationed amounts, and those almost totally absent. The Government boasts that anybody can buy all the bread he wants at low prices. Oatmeal, wholewheat flour, dried beans and peas, rice, packaged cereals, carrots, potatoes (there was a large carryover from the 1940 crop when the first early potatoes this year were lifted), and cocoa can also be had in any quantity needed for current use. Purchases for hoarding would of course be discouraged, and one householder whose grocer had a large store of dried navy-beans told me he was careful to buy in one-pound lots only; but the goods here named are so plentiful that few are tempted to hoard. Into the category of rationed foods fall

meats (but not poultry or fish), butter, oleomargarine, cooking-fats, sugar, tea, jams and cheese. Milk occupies a special position. It is not rationed, and this spring authorities declared that consumption ran about twenty per cent above the prewar level. But its distribution has been restricted by fifteen per cent, based on the amounts bought by consumers in the first week of March. This is to provide a surplus for the manufacture of cheese and condensed milk to use next winter. Eggs, too, have been placed under a control scheme, effective July 21st, the main object of which is to see that townfolk get a fair share of eggs—that they are not all eaten in the country and the villages. A secondary purpose is to stop profiteering, the price of eggs being rigidly fixed and sales permitted only under license.)

As for the third category, that of foods almost wholly unavailable, all winter and spring it included oranges, bananas, and other tropical fruits; onions, tomatoes and other sea-imported vegetables; nuts, fruit-juices, deep-sea fish, chocolate, and a wide range of canned commodities from abroad. Some of these shortages are remediable and some are not. Britons cannot grow bananas; but there was a rush this spring to set out onions, whose green tops waved far and wide in gardens all over the island, while a number of the Oxford colleges were uprooting flower-beds against sunny walls and planting long lines of tomatoes in their stead.

What does all this mean in terms of meals? It means that people who like a good deal of red meat, sweets,

butter and fresh fruit suffer a certain hardship. Most families and most of the Oxford colleges served red meat at perhaps three meals weekly during February and March; by May and June they served it only twice a week. The portions were small. Britons have forgotten what a real steak or large-sized chop looks like. When one of the Queens College fellows spoke longingly of the good old days of smoking roasts, an older associate acidly rebuked him: "You have a morbid imagination." Tea, sugar and butter are jealousy guarded by all housewives. A guest who comes for even one meal is distinctly more welcome if he brings his own supply. I remember how sharply a lady of wealth spoke in my hearing of week-end visitors who arrived without butter and departed without tipping the servants. A hostess in Oxford who simply had to give a large tea was in despair over the problem of sweetening it until a friend rescued her with a package of sugar newly come from America. It was a noble gift—for the friend had been keeping it for a wedding-present to a young acquaintance! As for oranges, anybody who got one positively gloated over it. Englishmen who liked to lunch on bread, cheese, and beer found the cheese-rationing a sore trial; for they were restricted to one ounce a week each—mine workers and farm laborers getting an extra allowance because they seldom have means of getting a hot noon meal, and vegetarians being given more in lieu of meat. Britons who like marmalade for breakfast and jam for tea were similarly irked by the jam-rationing plan, which re-

stricted them to half a pound each per month. Most people ate their porridge and drank their tea with little sweetening save some saccharine, though restaurants served a lump or two of sugar on demand. The arrival of rhubarb and England's magnificent gooseberries presented housewives with a terrible dilemma. Here was something to satisfy the craving for fruit, but how could it be made palatable without sugar? In the end a great deal of unsweetened rhubarb and gooseberry tart were eaten.

Yet the hardships are far from serious. A family of five in Britain this past winter was allowed about seven pounds of beef or mutton a week, and a quarter-pound of bacon—the rule being a shilling's worth of meat weekly for each person at prices carefully controlled. Later the ration was increased, an extra tuppence worth per head being allowed from the beginning of July. It could eke out this allowance with unrationed sausage, fish or poultry. To be sure, the sausages were full of meal, the fish was costly, the poultry was likely to be very tough; but they helped. Dried fruits could be found here and there. Nobody lacked vegetables, and even English cooks were learning that potatoes, carrots and brussels sprouts need not always be boiled. Good fresh salads were made out of a mixture of finely chopped raw carrots and raw cabbage. Spring brought lettuce and the incredibly long English cucumbers. Bottled cider was abundant. The "national loaf" of whole wheat bread was singularly palatable as well as

nourishing, and more and more people were somewhat reluctantly adopting it.

The Oxford *Mail* conducted in May an inquiry into what various families of that evacuated-crowded town were eating. It found, for example, that a truck driver with a wife, two boys of fourteen and eight, and two girls of seven and four, was spending just over £1 15s. a week for food; that is, about \$7. He had a daily supply of eggs from his own chickens. For his 35 shillings, thanks to fairly careful Government control of most food prices, he obtained the following provisions:

“*Meats*—Three pounds beef, one pound sausage, one and one-half pounds bacon.

“*Breadstuffs* — Twenty-eight pounds bread, three pounds flour, four pounds cereals.

“*Vegetables and Fruits*—Thirty pounds potatoes, ten pounds other vegetables, one pound canned peas or beans, one-half pound dried fruit, one pound bottled fruit.

“*Miscellaneous* — Fourteen pints milk, six ounces cheese, three pounds sugar, twelve ounces tea, one-quarter pound cocoa, twelve ounces jam, three pounds oleo-margarine or cooking fat, and some sauces and condiments.

“*Home Supplies*—Eggs, watercress, perhaps brussels sprouts.”

This diet was distinctly over-weighted on the side of carbohydrates, but it was far from a starvation ration.

A family with a larger income would have supplemented it with fish, fruit and vegetables raised under glass. By June even the poor had some home-grown vegetables, for outside the largest cities it is a rare family which is not vigorously tilling a garden allotment. Most towns were simply ringed with them, while in the cities sections of the parks had been dug up and planted. Hyde Park had some demonstration allotments. When the time came to distribute the first vegetables from these plots, some went to a Mrs. Padwick of Peabody Buildings, London; and the press announced that "Granny" Padwick had herself grown window-box potatoes that had gained her the congratulations of neighbors in the tenement house.

Another family of four whose diet was investigated by the *Oxford Mail* lived on a food-budget of £1 19s. 8d, or about \$8, weekly. They ate much less potatoes and bread than the lorry-driver's family, and had more milk, legumes, and cereals, with some fish. Whereas the lorry-driver contented himself with three meals, the grocer took tea in addition. The *Mail* found that the family's bill of fare ran thus:

SUNDAY

Breakfast: Cereal, toast, and marmalade. Dinner: Roast beef, roast potatoes, Yorkshire pudding, vegetables, and baked apple with custard. Tea: tea, bread and butter, watercress, and cake. Supper: cocoa, milk for the children, and biscuits.

MONDAY

Breakfast: Bacon and fried bread. Dinner: Cold meat, baked potatoes, baked jam roly-poly. Tea: tea, marmite sandwiches, cake. Supper: Cocoa, milk, biscuits, cheese.

TUESDAY

Breakfast: Cereals, toast, and marmalade. Dinner: Shepherd's pie, potatoes, vegetables, milk pudding. Tea: tea, bread and butter, cake. Supper: Baked beans on toast, cocoa, and milk.

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast: Porridge, toast, and marmalade. Dinner: Soup, lentil cakes, potatoes, cabbage and steamed sponge pudding. Tea: tea, bread and butter, cress and mustard, and cake. Supper: Biscuits, cocoa, milk.

THURSDAY

Breakfast: Scrambled eggs on toast. Dinner: Bacon pudding, potatoes, haricot beans, and ground rice-pudding with stewed apple. Tea: tea, bread, and butter, and homemade scones. Supper: cocoa, milk, and biscuits.

It is needless to go further. The diet was certainly not inadequate or without due variety, though not altogether well-balanced, and lacking in minerals and vitamin C. But it should be added that vitamin tablets were being plentifully used. English schools give many chil-

dren a small glass of milk (one third to one half pint) in the middle of the morning. Welfare workers, in the absence of orange juice—for the rare shipments of oranges were likely to be diverted to hospitals and blitzed areas—were advising that babies be given fresh swede-turnip juice.

It should also be added that casual meals were obtainable at hotels and restaurants, in general, without the surrender of food coupons, and that they usually contained small portions of meat or fish. The serving of more than one such dish at any meal was strictly prohibited. Even so, many people complained about "luxury feeding in restaurants." Had not the surrender of coupons been required in the last war? The Government's answer was that conditions had changed since 1918; that many more people now ate away from home, millions of workers being fed in canteens; and that if all the meat was taken away from hotels, restaurants, canteens, and communal feeding centers, the weekly ration would be increased only from 1s. to 1s. 1d. Nor were most restaurant meals of the luxury variety. The earning power of workers in war industries enabled them to patronize moderate-priced eating places in great numbers.

When I left England, it was already certain that the meat ration would be increased than decreased. For one reason, American shipments promised to grow. For another, the Minister of Agriculture had given notice early in June that he wished about 300,000 "unthrifty" cattle

sent to market for slaughter, and to stimulate this movement had offered increased prices for lean animals. The intensification of plowing and the reduction of grazing lands rendered some slaughtering imperative; supplies of imported feeding-stuffs this next winter will be very short. Since the number of cattle in Britain had stood at a record figure when the war began, and the rate of killings in the first year and a half of the conflict had not been extremely heavy, room existed for a diminution of herds. The Government wanted more high-yield cows, and fewer "passengers" who did not give a generous return for the food they ate. As a matter of fact, really good cows were hard to get, partly because the foot-and-mouth disease in Ireland had cut off normal importations from across St. George's Channel; and I heard of £40 and £50 (\$160 to \$200) being paid for especially good milkers. It was becoming evident that livestock production, like crop production, would have to be planned by the Government—and indeed, a good deal of planning in the way of "advice," with the threat of compulsory action behind it, is already being provided. Meanwhile, the British could hope for more meat; as also for more dried milk, dried eggs, dried fruits, and other concentrated foods from the United States.

But since Britons, like Americans, love to complain, and since grumbling over minor ills is a safety valve for people who take major calamities silently, protests over the food situation are incessant. Nearly everybody agrees that Lord Woolton has handled a tremendous job

with signal success. The Ministry of Food is a tremendous organization; its trading accounts reach \$2,500,000,000 a year, and it furnishes about \$365,000,000 a year in subsidies to keep food prices down. But most people have some grievance, some demand for improvements. The criticisms deal in the main with three subjects: defects in distribution; speculation and profiteering, or what the British call "food ramps," and failure to control the price of scarce commodities like fish or to deal effectively with difficult problems like national jam-making.

Many of the difficulties in distribution arise from the immense shifts in population that have taken place in Great Britain. The heavily bombed cities have poured a host of people into safer towns, all the way from Winchester and Exeter in the south to Durham and Carlisle in the north, so rapidly that it is difficult to readjust supply; for wholesalers and retailers fail to follow the exodus. London always seemed to have plenty of little luxuries like chocolate, cake, cigarettes and tinned fruits that were scarce in Reading and Oxford.

Another difficulty in distribution was even harder to meet. Many evacués with money settled in farmhouses and small villages. They tended to buy eggs, milk, and small fruits at the source, lessening the supply for overcrowded towns. Indeed, I often heard such evacués boast of their prowess in snapping up poultry and butter. Still another grave difficulty was presented by the bombing of warehouses. Though the press published

nothing, word-of-mouth reports told of the loss of huge stores of butter, sugar and breadstuffs in Bristol, Plymouth, Manchester and Liverpool. Lord Woolton told the *Daily Mail* on May 23 that he was removing this peril by "taking over an immense number of small depots" and widely scattering food supplies "in smaller bulk." Finally, the war has placed a terrific strain on British railroads, and this has hampered effective distribution.

Some profiteering, bootlegging of rationed foods, and other "ramps" were inevitable. The only wonder is that they were not more frequent. Despite the Government's standstill price order of January 9, a Food Price Regulation Committee in the North Midlands on April 31 exposed numerous instances of profiteering. Its chairman, Sir Douglas McCraith, gave a typical example. A manufacturer sold cans of soup at 6s. 6d. (\$1.30) a dozen; they reached the retailer at 12s. (\$2.40) a dozen; he sold them to the public at 14s. 6d. (\$2.90) a dozen. Between the manufacturer and retailer six middlemen had taken a profit. Another example showed an importer selling marmalade at seventeen cents a tin, and retailers selling it to the public at seventy-two cents. McCraith declared: "Speculation is rampant; goods are changing ownership many times like stocks without leaving the warehouse; people who render no service in distribution are enriching themselves."

Complaints were often heard that retailers gave special favors to old customers and large-scale buyers.

Many retailers were accused of doling out some much-prized food, like apples or chocolate, only to those who bought largely of some excess commodity; no lettuce-purchase, no orange, no apples. This was unlawful. But the lettuce or rhubarb would be displayed conspicuously, the apples kept covered in a barrel; those who bought the greens were smilingly given apples, but those who failed to take a few bunches found the grocer "all out." In big cities a "black market" where oranges can be illicitly bought with smuggled hams, and gasoline coupons exchanged for butter, sometime exists.

Yet Lord Woolton insisted all spring that not more than five per cent of food dealers failed to obey the regulations. He pronounced the stories of "ramps" much exaggerated. The 1500 food committees working under his ministry, he pointed out, had instituted 1160 prosecutions in February, 2441 in March and 2300 in April. Nearly all of these had been successful. At first the magistrates had been lenient, imposing £10 fines on firms which had made £100 by illicit transactions; but as spring advanced the fines and jail sentences became stiffer. "The hunt for the profiteer is on," declared Lord Woolton on May 28. The number of food inspectors was being increased. Indeed, every one knew so well what the fixed price for most commodities was—two cents a pound for potatoes, twenty-two cents a pound maximum for cheese, forty-six to fifty-two cents a dozen for unstamped eggs, and so on—that cheating was extremely difficult. Lord Woolton favored licensing all

food dealers, but other Government officers opposed the proposal.

Fish and jam present some curiously intricate problems. For evident reasons, Britain is getting only a small part of her normal fish supply. Fishermen are excluded from certain areas, are not allowed to venture far at sea in others, and run heavy dangers from mines, submarines and airplanes. Many trawlers have been requisitioned by the navy. The limited quantities of fish have been marketed in very restricted districts at very high prices. A basket of which before the war could be bought for six shillings now fetches, in some instances, six pounds. Fishermen have made extraordinary incomes. But Lord Woolton has been reluctant to impose a rationing system and has fixed no prices except those of Iceland cod. The cost of administration would perhaps exceed the value of the fish; price-control at the ports would result in sales of all the fish within twenty miles of the coast to reduce the cost of carriage. Moreover, he believes that the fish trade, which is competent and public spirited, should be able to enforce a fair distribution at fair prices without governmental interference. Beyond question last winter and spring fish were selling at levels which might well excite discontent. My Oxford college felt able to afford very little. In Birmingham on May 6 I saw mackerel, the cheapest fish, priced at the central market at 1s. 6d. (32 cents) a pound; salmon at 5s. 6d. (\$1.12). But early in June the fish trade did put a voluntary price-control scheme into

effect. It has not made fish more plentiful, but it has kept the cost within reason.

As for jam, all Britain has hungrily eyed this year's fruit crop. Last year the Ministry of Food made a special distribution of sugar to housewives who wished to make their own jam. But since then a rationing system has been set up for all "spreads." It would obviously break up this system if some households, lucky enough to have wide grounds with berry-bushes and fruit-trees, were allowed more jam and preserves than households living on city streets. The Government therefore at first insisted that families shall not make jams or preserves at home unless they had saved special quantities of sugar from their ration. Later it relented a bit and did make a small sugar-distribution. But in general it requires them to turn their berries and fruit over to the regular jam manufacturers or to communal jam-making centers—that is, to the Women's Institutes, the Y.W.C.A., and other feminine organizations. They will be paid for it; but the jam will all go into a national jam-pool for distribution among the population at large. This scheme irritates housewives who dearly love to make their own jam and preserves and householders who think their enterprise in setting out fruit should be rewarded with an extra jam ration. Some evasion is certain. No doubt, too, some unpatriotic or isolated people will let fruit rot rather than carry it to the Women's Institutes, which have no means of collecting it. But the plan is fair and on the whole has been well accepted.

The Government has made just one conspicuous failure: its plans for communal feeding centers have never gained real acceptance. Numerous local authorities of the island have refused to show any warmth for them. Behind these local authorities is a vast public indifference, for Britons like best to eat at home, and a natural amount of hostility on the part of restaurateurs and caterers. By the middle of May the Ministry of Food had approved nearly 300 of the so-called "British Restaurants" in 156 communities; it had taken over 284 évacu   centers from the Ministry of Health and was serving food in them; and it had approved 170 "meal centers" operated by the London County Council. All these agencies were serving about 85,000 meals daily. But what is that in a nation of 47,750,000? The Ministry is ready to pay the whole capital cost of setting up feeding centers; it will do something to meet deficits; it will supply equipment; and it will lend experts to set the venture going. An officer told me in May that it had 5000 twenty-gallon boilers, 900 coal ranges, and millions of pieces of crockery and tinware ready to send out.

The communal feeding centers save food, fuel, and labor. In one which I visited in Wellington Street, Oldham, near Manchester, called "the Churchill Communal Restaurant," its premises converted from an elementary school, a hot three-course meal could be had for ninepence. It included bean soup, a small piece of roast beef with potatoes and carrots, and custard or rice pudding. Those who wanted the soup alone could get it for a

penny, and those who wanted the roast beef and vegetables alone could have them for sixpence. Other centers offered about the same. At Littlemore I saw the bill of fare chalked on a board outside—vegetable soup, steak-and-kidney pudding, cabbage, potatoes, and “bakewell tart.” Such centers give a better-rounded meal than most working-class homes provide. They are simply invaluable when an air-raid blasts thousands of people out of their dwellings. But the scheme has not yet gained the momentum it deserves. An Englishman’s home is his castle, and his own table is a sacred part of it.

On the whole, Britain is doing well as to food. No one is suffering. Enough bread and meat are on hand for a year’s supply; a large reserve of condensed milk is kept for an emergency. In the midst of war not a little valuable educational work has been done—and Britain sorely needed it. The Ministry of Food has enlisted the radio, cinema and press to teach housewives how to make better use of vegetables, cereals and legumes. It has tried to wean lower-class Britons away from the old tea-and-bun diet, the soggy boiled potato, the bread-and-dripping breakfast. It has set up food-advice centers—I saw one in Reading, and heard of others elsewhere; has sent out lecturers on nutrition to make talks in factories, public halls, and shelters; and has held demonstrations. Canteen managers have learned something and have passed on their knowledge to workers. The Ministry has created a National Milk Scheme, which Lord Woolton calls his principal achievement, and under this during April and

May about three million women and children were receiving milk either at low cost or free.

After the war the British will know more about soups, whole wheat breads, salads, new ways of cooking vegetables, and fruits. They may not keep on using Woolton pie—made of diced potatoes, cauliflower, turnips and carrots, with a little oatmeal, a pastry crust and brown gravy—but they may retain some other healthful innovations. They will still have much to learn; the soggy Brussels sprout and the sticky boiled potato will still leer at visitors. But they will have made a beginning.

Agriculture, too, stands a chance of gaining a better footing. It is all too clear that British farming has suffered from twenty years of neglect. My impression is that some of the county war agricultural committees are not up to their jobs. But Mr. Hudson and his Ministry have been making remarkable progress, which they are too sensible to regard with complacency. Not merely have they put approximately forty per cent of the cultivable land of the country under crops, as against thirty-eight per cent being cropped in 1918, but they have looked into the future. They have practically completed a farming survey which will include a record and map of every farm, and which will be invaluable when it comes to framing a postwar agricultural policy. They have carried on a campaign of education in the proper use of nitrates and phosphates. The Agricultural Research Council is being granted larger sums for scientific inquiry; and Mr. Hudson is appointing two practical

bodies, one for England and the other for Scotland, to devise methods for applying new scientific ideas as rapidly as possible in everyday farm practice. For one very simple reason, agriculture is not likely to be a Cinderella after the war. The fear of inflation has caused a tremendous rush to buy up land for investment. Banks, insurance companies, trust funds, and individuals have been avidly purchasing farms at high prices. Officers of some Oxford colleges were talking of forming a pool to avoid competition in purchases, and perhaps get hold of some large estate which they would break up among them. It will be important when the war ends to get a decent return on these investments by planned and scientific tillage.

But for the present the most striking features of the food situation in Great Britain are the scope and vigor of governmental control, and the readiness with which people of all groups and classes have accepted a pooling of resources and a common fare.

IV

What of the Workers?

The works-manager of a great rubber factory near Birmingham had been showing me about the establishment. I had marvelled over the size of the tires used by the big new bombers. I had walked inside one of the steel shelters put up beside the most important machines, where it was important that workmen should stick to their tools till the last minute. (A man had waited too long at that shelter in one raid; he leaped inside, but failed to close the door, and the blast from a bomb which struck hard by killed him.) I had seen the fire-station, with engine and hose-carts waiting. I had been shown through the underground first-aid rooms, with a doctor, nurses, cots, and shelves full of bandages and drugs. I had seen the canteen, a big, cheerful, well-furnished room, ringing with music from a radio. Then the manager spoke of the morale of the men.

"It is absolutely first-rate," he said. "This is part of the front, and they have a feeling of duty about it. Here is a story that illustrates it. In one of the big raids on Birmingham we had a nasty night about here. Incendiaries and high-explosives came down for hours. The city got most of it, but we had enough to keep us busy.

Our great fear was that the fire-station might be knocked out. We have both a day-chief and a night-chief. As dawn broke I happened to be at the gates. Down the road came a man pedalling his bicycle like mad. He skidded to a stop. It was the day-chief, and I never saw such a sight; covered with grime, his clothes torn, his face black and sweat-streaked. 'How is the fire-station?' he demanded. 'Good heavens, man,' I said, 'What's happened? Did your house get a hit last night?' 'Yes, my home's gone,' he replied. 'But that's not the point. How's the fire-station? How's the fire-station?' And he wouldn't stop for anything till he took it over from the night-chief."

At another Midlands factory they showed me a long assembly-line at work on armored cars, mounted on caterpillar treads, of the fast, strong type Wavell found so useful in conquering Libya. At one end of the shed was a skeleton chassis; at the other end a ponderous finished machine was driven off and whirled through tests while I watched. The men were laboring steadily but not intensely. "We have no speed-schedule," said the manager. "It isn't necessary. I just told the men on Monday that we wanted fifty-six cars this week. They will turn out sixty."

In North Wales I talked with an American who is in charge of a large factory near Ruabon. He had long managed a similar factory, under the same ownership, in East St. Louis. He possessed special qualifications for appraising the British workers.

"They are not so efficient as the Americans," he said. "With the same machines, materials, and hours, our East St. Louis plant runs constantly ahead—decidedly ahead. It isn't a difference in skill or intelligence. It's merely a difference in initiative. Few British workers have much hope of rising, but every American carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack; he wants to do well and get promoted. When we try a new machine or method we sometimes put on more men, temporarily, than we need. In East St. Louis it is easy to reduce this force once the process is running smoothly. But over here—look out! The job is likely to get frozen at the force you first put on it. The men get used to a certain tempo, and won't increase it.

"But the spirit over here is in some ways better," he went on. "For one reason, they have true industrial democracy here. The union heads really represent the workers; they are honest agents and guides of the rank and file. In the States a good many unions are run by labor politicians. They introduce the same machine methods that we get in American government. Most of them are out to get and keep power; some are even gangsters. They call strikes when the majority don't want them called; they refuse compromises that the majority approve. But here the system is really democratic. The union leaders do what the workers want them to do, they are square with the men and the employers, and they keep their word.

"And just now," he went on, "the men are putting all

they've got into their work. Our plant makes essential materials. They keep it going at top speed."

* * * * *

One of the primary problems of Great Britain in this war is manpower. The German Reich has at its disposal, by force or otherwise, a potential working population of fully 110,000,000 adults; the United Kingdom has an adult population of just over 17,000,000 available for industry. Of course the disparity is not really so wide as this. Much of the adult population subjugated by Germany is unemployed; much of it is sullen, listless, and inefficient. Behind the working population of the United Kingdom stand the Dominions, India, and the United States. British industry is better mechanized than that of the Continent. Nevertheless, Great Britain must exert herself to the utmost. Late in March Ernest Bevin, Minister of Labor, made a speech urging the Bristol port workers to step up their production by thirty per cent. "Everybody in this war has to be a member of the working class or the army," he said. And this was not rhetoric—he meant it literally.

It is not enough in modern war to cry "To arms—to the machines, men!" A planned war industry, a compulsive power applied to labor as well as raw materials and capital, and a broad system of industrial training, are all necessary. Some observers think the British Government open to serious criticism for taking its steps in this field piecemeal, and for not being sufficiently bold and

drastic. In fact, the criticism has been hot and heavy. Bevin has been called "limp and vacillating." But to apply conscription and other forms of force to the laboring masses is a serious matter, and rash action might do far more harm than good. After all, England is fighting against the ideas that have given Germany the Labor Front under Doctor Ley. The British Government has accomplished a good deal. It has obtained from the trade unionists a temporary suspension of privileges which labor had won by generations of effort. And under its extraordinary powers it has—carefully and tactfully—applied compulsion where necessary.

Particularly has it done this to increase the number of workers in the really vital and essential industries; simultaneously draining them out of the less important fields. That is one of the two great tasks which Bevin faced. The other task is to keep the rate of production in these industries high—a problem involving management as well as manpower.

The job of massing workers of the right capacity in the right numbers at the right places, with the army all the while calling more men into the field, offers prodigious difficulties. It was necessary at the beginning, as Bevin put it, to get the industries "sorted out." Men and women in essential industries had to be kept there. This is accomplished partly by "reserving" workers who would otherwise go into the army; and to a greater degree, by Essential Work Orders which prevent hands from changing to another employment. At the same

time, men and women have to be frozen out of the non-essential industries. This in turn has been accomplished by the Government's priority orders as to materials, and by the Concentration of Industry scheme put into effect by the Board of Trade. A good deal of factory labor has been combed out of shops, clerical jobs, and even the professions, while an enormous number of women have been mobilized. Unskilled reinforcements have been brought from Northern Ireland, and found among French, Belgian, and Polish refugees.

The basis for compulsive government action with regard to labor (and also capital) was laid by the Emergency Powers Defense Bill, introduced in Parliament as the German armies swept over Northern France by the Labor leader Clement R. Attlee. Beyond question it was one of the most far-reaching enactments in the history of the British people. Yet it was warmly supported by the Special Conference of Trade Union Executives then sitting, and by the great mass of the British workers, for the emergency made it a necessity. Under this law, Bevin enjoys practically dictatorial powers over the whole population of Great Britain outside the armed forces. He can forbid men and women to move from a given factory; he can shift them from one industry to another. But neither Bevin nor Churchill likes the idea of coercion, and both have been most reluctant to resort to any conscription of labor. "My function," Bevin told the House of Commons on April 2, after various Conservatives had demanded that the

Government move more briskly, "is to get willing service, not to make a nation of industrial slaves. Every works manager knows that if he overdoes the ordering business, the result is disaster instead of output." He added that he knew the British workman, and that he had done more to get them to respond to the national call than anybody did in the last war—which is true.

The Government's method has been to reach an amicable agreement with both employers and workers in any given industry before imposing labor-conscription by issuing an Essential Work Order. This agreement is of a comprehensive character, and amounts to a new charter for labor in that industry. Bevin began with shipbuilding. It was of the first importance that both the repair of old ships and the building of new ones be accelerated in every possible way. During the previous twenty years many yards had been closed down, and he meant to reopen them. He reached a new arrangement as to wages, hours, and working conditions. He asked everybody who had been connected with shipbuilding in the past to register, and by the beginning of April 49,000 men (above those already employed) had done so. The Essential Work Order put those who were useful into shipbuilding, and tied them there for the duration of the war. Some of the newcomers left secure positions in business at high salaries to go back to manual labor at moderate pay. The great majority of the workers needed to man the yards have now been supplied,

and as further transfers take place the roster will be completely filled.

In May the Government similarly issued an Essential Work Order applicable to seafaring workers. Thousands of men who had left the sea were registered and sent back to ships, while those already in maritime employments were glued to their jobs. But this was not done until the Government had framed a new sailors' charter in conjunction with the seamen's union, the officers' associations, and the shipowners. Under this charter, all seafarers are guaranteed continuous employment. Those who are not reëngaged by their old employers at the end of a voyage pass automatically into a "merchant navy reserve pool" managed by the Shipping Federation, and are assigned to duty wherever it decides. Wages never stop. Moreover, the men are given longer leave on pay, and are assured of greater attention to their welfare in both home and foreign ports. The club for British seamen recently opened at the Seamen's Institute in South Street in New York is part of the new welfare plan. In short, the merchant seamen accept conscription for very arduous and dangerous duty, but they get assured work, higher pay, and better working conditions in return.

Coal-mining, too, has been subjected to an Essential Work Order. All winter and spring I heard a great deal about the British anxiety over coal supplies—for coal is one of the main pillars of the war effort. It was abso-

lutely necessary to build up a large reserve for the winter of 1941-42; and partly because of enlistments, partly because of labor unsteadiness, and partly because of the very cold spring, the reserve was not appearing. Oliver Lyttelton, then head of the Board of Trade, said on May 28 in the House of Commons that the situation "continues to give the Government great anxiety." As the munitions industry expanded, the consumption of coal necessarily rose. The Government had decided that a production rate of about four and a half million tons weekly would be indispensable. But during April and May the average figure attained was only about four million tons a week. If this were not bettered, disaster loomed ahead.

Here again everybody with mining experience was required to send his name to the Ministry of Labor. "Ex-Colliery Workers Must Register July 17-18," ran the advertisements placed in all the newspapers. Every experienced man between twenty and sixty, not already in the mines, was included. And here again a new charter of labor was written by the Government, the pitowners, and the Mineworkers' Federation. For the first time in history the miners have received a guaranteed week, which of course they will insist on keeping when peace comes. They have also been given a wage increase—one shilling per shift for adults, and sixpence for boys—and an assurance of better working conditions. Since the miners are a highly individualistic lot, some of their spokesmen opposed the conscription order to the last.

But to such critics Will Lawther, president of the Miners' Federation, retorted in a fiery speech. "We shall not tolerate strikes in wartime," he declared. "It is criminal, and treason to our sons and brothers in the armed forces, to take such action."

Few really employable men in Great Britain are now idle. The great army of the workless that was such a reproach to British civilization a few years ago has disappeared. The number of men registered as "wholly unemployed" on April 21, 1941, was just short of 140,000; the number of women 133,000. But when I inquired about these figures, I was told that they meant little. About 40,000 of the men were not physically equal to ordinary industrial labor, though capable of performing light work; and nearly all of the remaining 100,000 were simply passing from one job to another. Certainly no employable man who really wanted work would be without it very long—and the authorities would deal with him if he didn't want it. Meanwhile, as I have already noted, the Concentration of Industry scheme had by midsummer released about 110,000 workers from non-essential industries for essential tasks. Farm labor has been called into the factories, some 11,000 "land girls" taking the place of men. Unemployed women born in 1920, some 400,000 in all, were compelled in April to register with a view to their more systematic use; those born in 1919 registered early in May; and other classes have followed. A general registration of men past the age of forty was also begun this

last spring, and Bevin said that he would have commenced it earlier but that the factories were not yet ready for them.

Thus the reservoir of manpower and womanpower for the essential industries has been kept filled to a high level, while the new labor-charters for various industries are full of promise for the postwar period. But what of the productivity of this laboring force? Is it high or low?

In a broadcast to the United States after three months in England, I remarked that I had never seen a country in which everybody worked so hard; and after six months I was ready to repeat the statement. On the Tyne and Clyde I saw men who had been working seventy-seven hours a week—eleven hours a day, seven days in succession—for months on end. I saw not a few women who were working seventy-two hours a week—that is, six twelve-hour stretches. Outside the factories I constantly ran into men who worked all day in their offices, and then half the night in civil defense work. They felt lucky if they got a few hours' recreation on Sunday afternoon (after Home Guard drill) by digging in their garden allotments. Holidays for most able-bodied people were something unknown. High and low, multitudes of Britons were working to the limit of endurance to beat Hitler, and were willing to keep on till the Nazis were finished.

Yet much complaint was heard during the spring and early summer over "absenteeism" in the essential indus-

tries. Thousands of workers who assented in theory to the dictum that "We are all in the front lines" would nevertheless go absent without leave now and then. Particularly vociferous outcries came from managers in the industry on which all eyes were centered—aircraft manufacture. One reason for absenteeism lay in the high earnings of certain workers combined with the fact that after wages reached a generous level the income tax took a large share. In a typical airplane-engine factory, most of the operatives averaged £7 (\$28) a week, but a considerable group received £11 to £13 (\$44 to \$52). Men in this group did not lose much by going off for a day or half-day now and then. Another root of absenteeism was the double pay given for Sunday labor. Some men would take this, and then contrary to their agreements stay out on a weekday. A Government committee which investigated aircraft factories actually recommended late in the spring that Sunday work be discontinued.

But as a matter of fact, much of the absenteeism was a natural consequence of the excessive hours of labor. In the desperate spurt after the fall of France, a great part of the working population labored from sixty to eighty hours weekly, often at backbreaking or nerve-racking tasks. In the long run this proved uneconomic. The Government clearly saw this. It has taken steps to extend the three-shift system, and Bevin asserts that where this has replaced the two-shift system the wastage of materials and power is reduced by thirty or forty per

cent. In arduous industries men do not like to work to eleven and twelve hours even for overtime pay, while many women simply cannot do it—they are fagged out after eight or nine hours. A Birmingham Conservative recently complained in Parliament that the boilermakers “almost to a man” dropped tools at five o’clock. But boiler-making is an exhausting job. When Bevin visited the Liverpool docks he heard complaints that the men refused to work overtime. He is of course an old dock-union official himself. He found that the workers were carrying heavy quarters of beef ashore through a chill rain; they had no canteen to furnish them tea or food; and at the end of their eight-hour period they were done up.

An irregular supply of raw material also sometimes cuts down the workers’ productivity. War industries have to obtain their material through a complex web of priority orders, and it is not always available when wanted. This may mean a spurt of driving hard work followed by idle time. Working conditions also count for a good deal—and they are sometimes very bad. The concentrated demand for labor in certain districts has meant a lack of houseroom there, and grave congestion on transport lines.

Of this the northwestern industrial area, stretching from the Welsh border up to Scotland, furnishes a good example; a region long devoted chiefly to textiles, which had 2,400,000 registered workers before the war. It had been heavily stricken by unemployment. In 1938 about

a hundred thousand people there had been without work for a year or more, and three times as many had been jobless for a briefer period. Now nearly everybody is busy. The newspapers last spring made a good deal of a huge shell-filling factory built by the "unemployables," some 27,000 of whom were laboring on the site at one time. But the district has witnessed an extraordinary transformation in its pursuits. Most of the textile mills have shut down, and the hands have poured in multitudes into the airplane, engineering, and munitions works. This redistribution has posed some very thorny problems. I saw something of the immense bus-travel required in Lancashire to take workers from their old homes to their new jobs, a great daily migration. I saw something also of the heavy pressure of billeting on towns already crowded. Big hostels had been erected to take care of some of the unmarried women at factories in semi-isolated districts. But most of the workers wished to live in a place which they could call home. Inevitably, long hours of travel on jammed buses and residence in makeshift quarters tend to reduce the productivity of labor.

Altogether, much of the slackness, absenteeism, and inefficiency is traceable to causes which do the worker no discredit. Beyond doubt there is a residue which can be attributed to indiscipline. But after seeing how hard the great mass of Britons worked, and how conscientious most humble folk were in the performance of duty, I sympathized with Bevin's resistance to the Conservative

M.P.s who wished him to use compulsion on a wholesale scale and in a peremptory manner. His preference for suasion is wise. He is wise, too, in pressing steadily for better working conditions. A good many of the munitions works have set up admirable canteens, where hearty ninepence meals can be had in cheery, sociable surroundings. The Port Sunlight works of the Leverhulme soap interests, which I found operating busily for export as well as home needs, offer their workers many advantages that other establishments might copy. Some noonday diversion was offered in many plants; and in several I found the mass-singing of thousands of employees at that hour wonderfully impressive.

The question of wages is deeply disturbing to many British observers. They have of course risen very markedly since the war began. Industrial disputes are nowadays nearly always settled by negotiation or arbitration, for strikes are frowned upon, and Bevin has been known to arrest strikers. He boasts that his national arbitration tribunal has thus far adjusted nearly four hundred disputes. In many instances they are ended by a wage-increase. According to Government figures, the amount of national income distributed in wages in 1938 was £1,820,000,000, while in 1940 it was £2,483,000,000—a rise of 36.5 per cent. The current still sets strongly in the same direction, for the *Gazette* published by the Ministry of Labor has chronicled the granting of important increases to about six and a half million workers

in the first half of this year. It need not be said that the figures given above are subject to an elaborate analysis, and that the rise of more than one third in the nation's wage bill is partly attributable to an increase in the whole number of workers, and partly to greater regularity of employment. It must also be remembered that the cost of living has soared. The figure which the economist Henry Clay gave me, thirty per cent since the opening of the war, is substantially borne out by the Government's statistics.

But wages and the cost of living are closely linked together. Mr. Clay, and many others as well, believe that inflation of a dangerous kind can be prevented only by a strict control of wages as well as prices, and that the wage-earners' income is the chief danger-point in the situation. The heavy taxation of incomes above £500 a year will prevent any important inflation arising from that source; that is, it will check spending-power effectually. But the present tax-system does not do enough, according to experts, to curtail the spending of wage-earners. Mr. Clay can cite a variety of statistics to prove that since the war began the increase in spendable income has occurred chiefly among the wage-earners, and that the restraints on spending are least effective there. The principal brake just now is offered by the deliberately produced shortages in consumers' goods. It should be supplemented, he declares, by a stabilization of wages—the cost of living simultaneously being pegged. In

midsummer, the Government was understood to be discussing some stabilization proposals with representatives of the employers and the trade unions.

It is all a very complex problem. I noticed that the middle classes, who are likely to be hurt worst in a period of inflation and who are being squeezed very heavily in Great Britain today, sympathized with Mr. Clay's point of view. But wage-earners feel that they have a right now to increases which will atone for their long years of deprivation. And no observers should forget that a great part of the families of Britain still live on incomes of less than ten shillings or two dollars weekly for each member. These families, which are said to be rearing a fourth of the children of the land, deserve a better wage. The Labor Party looks with favor upon a proposed scheme for national allowance to every household for its children: five shillings a week for every youngster from birth until he or she leaves school. The heads of the Trades Union Congress, on the other hand, oppose the scheme, for they fear that employers would use such family allowances as a counterclaim every time that better wages were demanded.

But for the present the all-important point is that the morale of labor in Great Britain—its patriotism, its detestation of Nazism, its determination to win—is admirable. For this there are many reasons. After all, labor is in the saddle, or at least shares the saddle, in British affairs. The Churchill Ministry has worked in the closest co-operation with the trade unions, always seeking their

approval and co-operation. The second place in the Government is held by the redoubtable Bevin, founder of the Transport and General Workers Union—probably the largest craft union in the world. Under Bevin's lead, the Government is writing a series of charters that will almost certainly be perpetuated after the war to bulwark the position of various labor groups. Then, too, labor has an uneasy consciousness that it was not wholly without responsibility for the lack of governmental energy and alertness that made Hitler's assault on civilization possible. And it needs only look at the position of labor across the Channel to see what its own fate would be should it falter.

At the Labor Party Conference held in London at the beginning of June, speaker after speaker sounded the same note—no halting, no parleying, no thought but of victory. When one delegate, Rhys Davis, M.P., urged a negotiated peace, men rose on all sides to rebuke him. If such views won the day, said another Labor member of Parliament, "this will be the last conference of the Labor Party that either Mr. Rhys Davis or I will ever see." When the party executive brought in a declaration that the only way to a just peace was through total victory, the conference endorsed it by the overwhelming vote of 2,430,000 to 19,000. As James Walker of the iron and steel workers said, labor stands united for three main objects: complete victory, the liberation of the invaded countries, and the destruction of Nazism as a form of government.

The Government and War Production

During early spring a decided undertone of criticism of the Government was perceptible in British discussion. I heard it in offices, clubs and railway cars. It grew deeper in May, and by June, after the setback in Libya and the defeats in Greece, it had broken out in newspaper headlines. "War Cabinet Needed"—"House of Commons Old and Feeble"—"Treasury's Dead Hand Slowing Down War Effort"—so some of the captions ran.

Many Britons read with approval Hore-Belisha's vigorous attack on the Ministry at the meeting of the Scottish Liberal National Association in Edinburgh on June 6. Defeat after defeat, he said; "and always for the same reason—lack of appreciation, lack of preparation, imperfect execution." Many people thought that Winston Churchill's defense in the Commons four days later was inadequate.

It need hardly be said that for the Prime Minister himself the great mass of Britons feel an unbounded admiration. They like his imagination, his energy, his eloquence, and perhaps above all, his grim honesty. "He

never tries to fool us," they say. "He always tells us that we must expect heavy sacrifices and reverses. He always warns us when a bitter disappointment is ahead."

This particularly pleases the innumerable Britons who feel that Baldwin and Chamberlain almost ruined the Empire by their complacent optimism, followed on Chamberlain's part by unwillingness to tell the painful truth to the country when optimism was no longer possible. Even the plainest laborers talk of these men with indignation. "They did let us down, and no mistake," some of them said to me. Churchill's intellectual grasp, his power of seeing the war effort as a vast panorama and setting each part of it in its true relation to the other parts and to history, also appeals to Englishmen. So does his human quality; his incessant visits to bombed towns, army camps and factories always produce an ovation. When he makes an impassioned speech his sarcastic growl of contempt for the "bloodthirsty guttersnipe" Hitler, for the "grisly gang" who do his bidding, and for the "jackanapes" Mussolini satisfies British resentment, while his eloquence lifts the nation to a new resolution.

The leading Cabinet members are also highly regarded. No one believes that Anthony Eden measures up in intellectual power or strength of will to his predecessor, Lord Halifax; but that is an exalted standard to set, and Eden is generally thought of as quite competent. He was right in 1938 about Germany when others were sadly wrong. He was right again in his attitude toward

Russia, and his handling of relations with Stalin was proved by the events of this last summer to have been remarkably shrewd and prescient. A man of high probity, he and Churchill have insisted upon keeping Britain's wartime record in foreign affairs white; no acts of aggression to gain advantages at the expense of weak neutrals have marred it. He works like a slave. "Bert" Alexander, Churchill's choice for the Admiralty, has beyond question been doing a magnificent piece of work. An artisan's son who rose out of poverty by hard struggle, he has a passion for naval affairs, a breezy personality that makes shipyard workmen and sea captains alike admire him, and a determination that ignores all obstacles. He also has sound ideas; it was two "Alexander cruisers" that sent the *Graf Spee* to its doom. Lord Beaverbrook, who began life as Max Aitken in northern Ontario, and whose first job was washing bottles in a drugstore, is a man of great faults and still greater virtues, who has performed wonders in rolling out Britain's bombers and fighters. Ernest Bevin's imperious ways, eye for the practical, and ambition to mobilize the entire population "to give 'Itler 'ell" has made him an ideal head for the Ministry of Labor. I found more and more Britons talking of him as the logical head of the nation, if anything happens to Churchill.

But the Government as a whole is not equally trusted. The principal criticisms which I heard were four. (1) It contains two or three obviously weak men. They cripple their associates and should be ousted. (2) It is not

yet well organized. The activities of the departments are often ill-co-ordinated, and they quarrel too frequently. That is particularly true of the departments which look after the industrial war-effort; and the country needs a great centralized department in this field, an all-powerful Ministry of Production or Ministry of Munitions to unify the work. (3) A new War Cabinet is needed. The existing War Cabinet has consisted of eight men, who are nearly all burdened with heavy administrative activities. A new War Cabinet should be organized of men who, bearing no routine burdens, can give their whole attention to grand problems of political, military and naval strategy. Some think the Dominions might well be represented in it. (4) The Cabinet is somehow failing to get adequate production from the country. It is too tolerant of inefficiency; it is trying to win a 1941 war at a 1914 pace.

It should be added that many Britons are impatient of their huge and ever-expanding bureaucracy. How colossal this has grown to be is evident from a few figures. The Ministry of Food employs about 28,000 people. The Ministries of Supply and of Aircraft Production have between them about 15,000. The Ministry of Information has a staff, including all local agencies and the postal and telegraph censorship, of about 11,500. For peacetime purposes the British permanent civil service is agreed to be admirable. But its traditions and habits, according to the critics, are not adaptable to the exigencies of war. It is given to leisure when intense

application is needed, to the exchange of departmental opinions when swift action is imperative, to suspicious obstruction when the country requires bold creation.

Now the effectiveness of high Government officers depends to a great extent upon their permanent staffs. Lord Perry uttered an epigram that was much quoted last spring. "When a man becomes a Minister," he said, "he has a civil servant for his wetnurse; when an angry country demands the Minister's discharge, he has a civil servant for his pallbearer." The civil service is unescapable, but its critics feel that it ought to be investigated, straightened up, and galvanized into new life. In particular, they grumble over the character of the permanent staff of the ministries which deal with war supplies and home security; and they become wrathful when they talk of the foreign service. The revolt of Rashid Ali in Iraq, at precisely the time that the Government was replacing the old Minister to that country with a new one, aroused the angriest comments. Here was a nation fully allied with Great Britain, and of supreme strategic and economic importance; it was more easily reached by British than by German agents; its political disorderliness was well known. Yet at a crucial moment in the war, enemy machinations were allowed to work themselves out to their climax in a stroke which weakened the whole British position in the Middle East.

Obviously, these criticisms were of varying importance. As for the first two, it would be strange if a Cabinet as large as Great Britain's did not contain some

weak men. Those who come under the heaviest fire, as the recent instance of Duff Cooper shows, are dropped. It would also be strange if the various Ministries, exercising hastily organized war functions, did not occasionally come into conflict. I was told that when a town was heavily blitzed, no fewer than seven or eight departments had to join in assisting it. The Ministries of Food, Health, Home Security, Housing, and Transport, with others, were all involved. Duplication of effort is inevitable. One of the unhappiest features of these interdepartmental conflicts is that the job of ironing out the difficulty often falls on Churchill's overburdened shoulders.

But administrative harmony seems to be gradually evolving. In a great shakeup at the beginning of May, some beneficial changes were made. Lord Beaverbrook withdrew from the Ministry of Aircraft Production, which was handed over to Lieutenant-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, the first man to hold an air-pilot's license in Great Britain. This was because Beaverbrook felt that his main job had been done and he could be more useful elsewhere. But the change gave immense gratification to some other departmental heads. In his prodigious display of energy, Beaverbrook has seldom hesitated to shoulder another Minister out of the way if he seemed to be impeding the job that the miracle-worker was aggressively driving through. At the same time, the government merged the ministries of shipping and transport. This did away with the disputes and de-

lays caused by the fact that information about ship movements and cargoes had not been under the same roof as information about internal transport. Other mergers will not improbably follow.

The Prime Minister has meanwhile set up a body called the Production Executive, the function of which is supposedly to bring about a better co-ordination in the field of war industries and war supplies. In particular, it is to allocate raw materials, fix priorities, and look to the proper distribution of productive capacity and labor. Mr. Macmillan, the head of the Ministry of Supply, said in the great debate of the House of Commons in July upon war production that steady progress had been made toward unified buying; that contracts are now planned by one department even though they are let by three; that effective steps have been taken to do away with competition among departments for raw materials; and the production of machine-guns for all branches of defense has at last been brought under centralized control. The government, in fact, had been creating a "Ministry of Munitions all the time," he said. But this did not satisfy the critics, led by *The London Times*. If the government had created a Ministry of Munitions, they asked, why not make the change boldly and openly? The demand for a department called by this name, or by the title of Ministry of Production, persists.

The proposal for a new War Cabinet involves large considerations. A great section of British opinion demands it; Winston Churchill has consistently opposed

it. He observed Lloyd George's War Cabinet at close quarters, and does not think that a similar organization would be useful now. Moreover, though he has described himself as "only the servant of the Crown and of Parliament, and always at the disposal of the House of Commons, where I have lived my life," he obviously has a taste for the semi-dictatorial powers that he is so ably using; and a new War Cabinet might hamper him. He prefers the elasticity of the present arrangement.

It is true that he has done something to meet the well-grounded demand for a group of men who can lift themselves above routine duties and give most or all of their time to large issues of policy. Of the eight members who have made up the present war cabinet Arthur Greenwood is minister without portfolio. Clement Attlee as Lord Privy Seal, and Sir John Anderson as Lord President of the Council, have offices which in themselves involve little labor. For a time last spring it seemed that Lord Beaverbrook's appointment as Minister of State without departmental duties would also free his energy for large affairs and for any emergency task which might require his dynamic qualities. But he was shortly made Minister of Supply, and in that capacity has been busier than ever, ranging the island and crossing the ocean. The great question is whether the Prime Minister has done enough. The immensity of the tasks in hand, the vital nature of the issues, does require an all-powerful deliberative and deciding body detached from routine administration.

As for the civil service, with its inherent weakness for detail, circumlocution, and leisure, its defects are also being dealt with. Churchill has recruited from the business world a number of ministers who possess a faculty for cutting through departmental red tape and getting work done. Lord Woolton at the head of the Ministry of Food is one. Oliver Lyttelton, until lately president of the Board of Trade and now given special duties as a representative of the War Cabinet in the Middle East, is a conspicuous example; nobody but a businessman of his experience and driving power could have carried out the colossal task of reorganizing much of British industry for a concentrated war effort. When for the first time in history the whole of Britain's shipping and transport—the ports, railways, canals, highways, and warehouses, with all goods in transit—were brought under the control of one man, the chief selected was a businessman named Frederick J. Leathers. He had begun his career as a five-shilling-a-week office boy, and characterized himself as "one of those pretty dreadful fellows who have enjoyed every day of their life in business." As he was a director in fifty-one companies in all parts of the world, he did not lack experience. And another businessman, Sir Andrew Duncan, capably running the Ministry of Economic Warfare, should be named.

These men had in Lord Beaverbrook an effective exemplar. Determined to "deliver the goods," Beaverbrook in his first months with the Aircraft Ministry dealt heavy blows to useless rules and inefficient routine.

One student of Beaverbrook's work recently wrote that when he came to examine his department he found all his worst fears confirmed. "It was in a highly organized state." He set himself to disorganize and unbalance it without delay, and the result of this "Beaverbrook blitz" was a production of Spitfires, Whirlwinds, and other airplanes that gave the Germans last fall a shock they had never expected. It is true that Beaverbrook is accused of robbing other departments right and left of men, materials, and machines; but he delivered the goods, and they were obviously the goods most needed. Mr. Churchill himself is no lover of civil service inertia. It is noteworthy, for example, that he has replaced the civil servants who in quieter times served as high commissioners in the dominions by men of broader training and political experience; such men as Malcolm MacDonald in Canada, Lord Harlech in South Africa, and Ronald Cross in Australia.

As for the diplomatic service, it was getting a much-needed shaking up this past summer. When I left England the work was in full swing. Sir Malcolm Robertson, a career diplomat who had later gone into business, had made a careful investigation, and had brought forward a number of proposed reforms with which Anthony Eden agreed. The Government had decided upon a series of steps, some of which were clearly inspired by our own Rogers Act. The Foreign Office, the Diplomatic Service, and the Consular Service are all to be combined in one Foreign Service. The field of selection

for young entrants in this service is to be widened, and the entry of men without private means is to be encouraged—thus breaking the grasp of the aristocratic classes upon diplomacy. The highest posts will be open to all members, so that a coal-miner's son may yet appear in the Washington Embassy or sit in Lord Curzon's chair in Downing Street. The training of experts in commercial and financial matters, and in Middle Eastern and Oriental affairs, is to be more systematically carried out, and they will be more generally used where needed.

But the greatest question remains: Is the Government getting adequate production from the country?—is it fighting the 1941 war at a 1914 pace?

All winter and spring complaints were incessantly heard in Great Britain that the production of war materials was unaccountably low. The grumblings rose by mid-June to an angry storm. Why had not enough tanks been turned out to enable the British to stop Rommel's drive through Libya? Why had Crete been so quickly conquered? Here was an island in which British forces had been installed for seven months, and which the British leaders had described as a defensible position that would be held to the last. Yet after an attack lasting only twelve days, it was evacuated. Why did the British not have better aerodromes in Crete, hillsides bristling with anti-aircraft guns to down the bombers and valleys protected by Bofor guns against low-level attacks? "There is vital need to inquire into the underlying cause of the failure," wrote Captain Liddell Hart. "It was not

only airplanes we lacked, it was foresight," wrote Alexander Clifford in *The Daily Mail*. No underground hangars had been built in the seven months, no shore batteries set up; "warships just lay there as targets." An Australian correspondent in Crete sent *The London Times* a long dispatch headed "Revolution in Warfare," which it published on June 2. This dispatch ended with the sentence: "For any army to defeat this modern, ruthless German army it must be equally ruthless, equally scientific and equally well equipped."

These complaints were vigorously taken up in the press. *The Daily Herald*, organ of the laborites, with a circulation of 2,000,000 copies daily, trumpeted on June 4: "Can any man pretend that at present Britain is going 'all out' for victory? The blunt and deplorable truth is that we are not even making full use of the manufacturing resources which are already available to us." The criticisms were heartily echoed in the House of Commons by Hore-Belisha, Lloyd George, Lees-Smith and other members. That they were a wholesome spur to harder endeavor nobody can deny. They helped to extirpate what the indignant military correspondent of *The News-Chronicle* termed "the peacetime dilatory methods" of officialdom in Westminster. But the more extreme attacks failed to take account of a simple explanation for the deficiencies which Mr. Churchill on June 10 frankly confessed; a shortage of guns, for example, so serious that the Government could not arm the two serviceable airfields in Crete without denuding

ports, airfields and cities at home or slowing up the emplacement of guns on merchant ships for the Battle of the Atlantic. This explanation is that down to the last few months Great Britain has had to give more of her energy to providing means for war-production than to war-production itself.

Great Britain started her war effort late. It was not effectively begun until 1937, not put into high gear until 1939, and not made an all-out effort until the spring of 1940. A great part of the Government's money has thus far gone into erecting factories, making machine tools and providing facilities for labor. Steel has been put into structural beams and heavy machines, not into tanks and guns. Skilled workers have been getting the production centers ready, not producing; many unskilled workers have been kept waiting because their jobs were not ready. But this spring the corner was turned. The main weight of the British effort began going into weapons, not weapon-plants. The stream of guns, tanks and airplanes has in late weeks been swelling into a torrent—and this of itself has produced new problems. Oliver Lyttelton defined them in a speech of May 8.

"It takes nearly two years to build a new factory," he said. "Labor cannot be mobilized effectively until all these new factories are ready to receive the workers, until they can be housed and transported to their work. You, therefore, tend to get a steadily increasing demand for labor for existing plants and then suddenly, when the

new plants are constructed, a new and enormous spurt in that demand. That is the phase in which we are now."

A like spurt occurs in the demand for materials. More steel is needed for guns and planes than was required for erecting factories. In other materials the demand rises and the Government has to meet the pressure. It can do so with a light heart, for now it is getting weapons, not facilities.

It is to help meet this recent change-over, to supply the enhanced demand for labor and materials, that the Board of Trade and Ministry of Labor have taken their recent series of drastic steps. Enough has been said about Bevin's measure to furnish willing and competent hands—about the conscription of labor in some industries; about the recruitment of women, who have been drawn into many occupations hitherto jealously reserved for men. We need only add that skilled trades have been heavily diluted by the use of semi-skilled employees; and that a system of training schools in industry has been set up which is rapidly converting unskilled men into roughly trained workers. Bevin has also in mind a plan for a six-weeks' course to fit intelligent men for managerial work in the new factories that have risen.

But it is important to say something more about the Concentration of Industry Scheme, which is closely related to increased production; for it puts machines and material as well as manpower where they are most needed. Its basic feature is the concentration of output in non-essential fields in a restricted number of "nucleus

firms," which operate on a continuous but limited scale. Here, as in dealing with labor, outright compulsion is avoided. The industry itself is "invited" to select or form specially efficient manufacturing nuclei by a given date. These nucleus firms may represent a combination of formerly independent companies, who agree to pool their energies and use the best plant available. All other factories then fall under the axe, being closed down or handed over to essential war industries. The nucleus firms are told that they may manufacture just so much and no more, and arrangements are then made for continuous use of their limited plant at a high rate of productivity. Thus an agreed amount of non-essential goods—wallpaper, or linoleum, or leather bags, or cotton garments—can be produced with great economy in materials, fuel, and labor. As Professor H. W. Singer of the economics department of Manchester University declares, this concentration scheme represents a true milestone in the development of British industry. Its effects will continue long after the war is won.

What, it may be asked, are "essential" industries? They are those which contribute directly to the war effort; which are vital to the maintenance of a wholesome national life; or which help to provide needed foreign credits. The non-essential industries have been taken up one by one. Thus the cotton-spinning industry was required to complete its plans for concentration of production on a fixed level of output by May 15. (Previously, many cotton-spinning factories had been shut

down for want of raw materials.) Cotton and rayon-weaving firms had to submit their plans by May 27. Manufacturers of toilet preparations, sporting goods, photographic goods, and musical instruments had to submit a scheme by May 17. Manufacturers of carpets, lace, hosiery, plastics, and a variety of other wares had to be ready with their plan by May 24. So the orders ran. And though the approaches to the industrialists were tactful, they were backed by no uncertain threat. As Oliver Lyttelton kept repeating, firms which failed to join in the concentration scheme were likely to find all their labor suddenly whisked away for the war industries, or their raw materials cut off for the benefit of the nucleus firms.

It will be seen that the Essential Work Orders for conscripting labor, and the Concentration of Industry scheme for reorganizing and regimenting all industry, were not applied until the war had entered its third six-month period; and then they were brought into effect simultaneously. The reason for the delay, it may be presumed, was that not until the later winter of 1941 had the munitions, aircraft, and engineering industries been expanded to a point where a new flood of manpower and of raw materials was required. It had taken that long to build the factories and equip them with machines. But by April, 1941, the fast-growing war industries demanded this drastic government action. Men and materials had to be poured into them.

The result is that British Government spokesmen now

claim that they are beginning to get adequate production. Precise figures are seldom given out, for they would benefit the enemy. But close observers in Britain could tell that the navy was being constantly and largely reinforced by new warships. The first public news that H.M.S. *Bonaventure* was in commission came in a dispatch that she had been lost. But she belonged to a class of ten cruisers, seven of which were ordered at the same time; it is reasonable to think that the other six are in use. H.M.S. *King George V* made a dramatic first appearance at Annapolis with Lord Halifax; a little later a casual statement disclosed that her sister-ship the *Prince of Wales* was at sea. But three other ships of the same class, the *Anson*, *Jellicoe* and *Beatty*, had been begun a few months after these two and ought also to be available. Churchill in his broadcast of August 24 referred to the *Prince of Wales* as "the newest or almost the newest British battleship." We know that British and Canadian yards are pouring out smaller craft at a prodigious rate.

As for airplanes, it is believed that Germany began the war with a first-line strength in fighters about equal to that of Britain and France combined, and a second-line fighter strength much greater than that of the combination. The German strength in bombers is supposed to have been approximately three times that of the British. It is known as positive fact that after the declaration of war the British aircraft production actually

dropped for a time. But today the gap is steadily being closed. Lord Beaverbrook said late in April that of the five principal aircraft types, Great Britain had built up a reserve that was equal to its active strength, and intended soon to have a reserve three times the active strength. The air expert of *The London Spectator* asserted early in June that while no definite figures could be quoted, "we do know that British and American production together are now equal to, or slightly ahead of, Germany's." I heard frequent reports during the spring and early summer that the British were letting American machines pile up in the country unused. A rumor was even current that large shipments of American airplane-parts could not be put together because the blueprints of the work had been destroyed by a German bomb on the Bristol docks. Evidently these reports, however exaggerated, had something in them. For the House lately cheered an announcement by Colonel Moore-Brabazon that "An arrangement has now been made so that no American machine arrives in this country without its godfather to look after it and to see that it gets the respect and affection which it deserves."

The output of guns and tanks has been increasing fast. Late in May the Government disclosed an encouraging fact. It stated that after the Dunkirk evacuation the arms factories made a terrific spurt to replace the equipment lost in France. The effort was tremendous and the result good. In the fall quarter of 1940 it was surpassed. Then

in the first quarter of 1941 the fall totals were exceeded by fifty per cent—this figure holding good for tanks and guns alike.

When I left England general satisfaction was being expressed with the big new bombers: the Short Stirling (four engined), the Avro Manchester (twin engined), and the Handley Page Halifax (four engined). The new and improved Spitfires were said to be in mass-production; at one factory with three miles of buildings the ratio of women to men workers had risen to 40:60, yet the Spitfires rolled off the production line at undiminished speed. Lyttelton's remark about two years being required for a factory is of course in some instances an exaggeration. Press men and others were shown in May a big anti-tank-gun and anti-aircraft-gun factory in Wales where concrete had been poured a year earlier, machinery had arrived in the summer, and production had commenced in October.

By and large, the British seem satisfied that although much remains to be done, the Government is at last getting around the corner. The nation understands the immensity of the task that Ministers like Lyttelton and Bevin, Beaverbrook and Leathers, are facing. Above all, its confidence in the Prime Minister is substantially unshaken. After a year of tribulations and endurance, of defeats and victories, Winston Churchill looms up as much as ever the unquestioned leader of Parliament and people. Changes have occurred in the group about him: Halifax has crossed the Atlantic, Lord Lloyd is dead,

Beaverbrook has laid down one task and taken up another. But Churchill remains steadfast in his place, and the nation's faith in his guidance is steadfast too. Everything centers about him as it centered about Lloyd George in the later years of the World War, about Pitt in the time of the coalitions against Napoleon, about Chatham in the Seven Years' War; and there are few who doubt that he will take his place in history with the greatest of these leaders.

VI

Britain and Subjugated Europe

"How do you expect victory to come?" This is a question which American visitors naturally ask the British, although they know well that no definite answer is possible. Even before Hitler's invasion of Russia, sensible Britons always replied that extraordinary political and military changes were certain and that nobody could predict the shape of the world six months in advance. But they were sure that victory would come. And most of them have consistently expected that, unless the Russians showed a quite unexpected fighting power, it would finally be won by a combination of three factors—the strangulation of the blockade, British domination of the air before the end of 1942, making it possible to land, protect and push forward expeditionary forces at strategic points in Europe, and uprisings in the occupied lands to co-operate with these invasions. Even if the Russians held their own, these three factors would play their part in the final outcome.

Revolts on the continent may in the end be vitally important; and for this reason—as well as others—the British maintain a close scrutiny of the lands which now

lie helpless under the Swastika. The larger newspapers get a fairly steady flow of news from the Continent. *The London Times* has an especially active correspondent who dates authentic dispatches from "The German Frontier"; for it and other journals Stockholm, Madrid, Berne and Istanbul remain good listening points. The refugee governments—Polish, Dutch, Belgian, Norwegian, Free French—have valuable sources of information. Perhaps most interesting of all is the steady trickle of refugees who escape by sea from the French, Dutch and Norwegian coasts. They are eagerly interviewed by the defense authorities, and the Ministry of Information and British Broadcasting Corporation make use of them whenever possible.

Throughout the spring most Britons believed that Hitler was eager to issue some formal proclamation of his "United States of Europe"; and apparently he was as much restrained by the constant disclosure of the discontent and misery rife on the Continent as by the Balkan fighting, Petain's hesitancies, and Spain's refusal to meet all his wishes. His plans for consolidating Europe had clearly taken on more practical shape. A predominantly industrial Reich, much enlarged by the annexation of Holland, Luxembourg, parts of Belgium, Alsace-Lorraine, all northern France up to the Somme, and all western Poland, highly organized, and heavily armed, would draw most of its food and part of its manpower from an outer Europe that was predominantly agricultural. Germany would monopolize all the heavy indus-

tries, all the scientific and technical skill, and all the financial controls. The agricultural lands would be offered security, but it would be a security of serfdom, without freedom, prosperity, or hope. Civil rights would disappear; living standards would be kept close to the poverty line; ignorance and illiteracy would be systematically fostered. A wealthy Germany would batten on the remainder of the Continent. The production of all Europe would be regulated in detail from Berlin, and all trade would be controlled by the multilateral clearing system which Germany has already set in operation among eleven or twelve European States.

But this new Europe would require more than submission; it would require a far larger degree of consent and collaboration than Hitler has yet begun to secure. The British look with disdain upon the empire which the Nazis have so swiftly conquered by tank and airplane. They believe that if it equals Napoleon's in size, it even surpasses Napoleon's in fragility. For one reason, it has no sound economic foundations so long as the British blockade and the British grip on colonial areas grows stronger. Doctor Karl Haushofer, in an article in the *Zeitschrift für Geo-Politik*, which attracted much attention just before I left, admitted this. He declared that the experience of the war proved that Europe could not be economically self-supporting, and that Africa must be absorbed as a reservoir of raw materials—all British and non-European participation in its use being excluded. Though Haushofer's theory of "geopolitics"

leads him into special pleading, he is sound about the Reich's inner weakness.

But above all, Hitler's military power is not a true conquest. He has enforced partial obedience, but he has nowhere gained acquiescence, and without acquiescence he can set up no enduring government. In fact, resentment, hatred, and stifled rebellion are evident from Norway to Crete, from the Pyrenees to Poland. What is more, they are growing. As Britain equips and drills her ever-growing army and as the combined American and British output of airplanes overhauls the German output, London keeps a close eye on this sullen anger, this grim truculence.

One of the events which most delighted thinking Britons during my stay was the publication on May 9 of the extraordinary documents seized by the Anglo-Norwegian raiders on the Lofoten Islands. These were secret instructions issued by the German Army Headquarters in Norway, of which a copy had been sent to the naval commander at Svolvær. They were significant in two respects. First, they disclosed a general spirit of revolt. An order from the chief of staff of General von Falkenhorst, the commander-in-chief, declared that all parties except Quisling's, "and particularly the representatives of big business and industries, remain now as before, pro-English and therefore anti-German." It added that the Norwegians "are in no position to fulfill the demands of the New Era," for they had merely "made a pretense" of accepting the German offers. Instructions were issued

for dealing with "subversive preaching by ministers of religion either in the pulpit or at the graveside." A dispatch signed by Falkenhorst himself under date of December 13, 1940, admitted: "Appearances indicate that the temper and attitude of the Norwegian population have recently stiffened against our endeavors." And second, the documents were significant as showing an almost panicky eagerness on the part of the German army to divert the main burden of this resentment to the Gestapo and its allies. It was decreed that in every possible instance "the Norwegian Police [that is, the Norwegian branch of the Gestapo] must be summoned to carry out whatever measures are decided upon." The quislingites were to do all the dirty work they could be induced to take up. But if any "incident" occurred which really threatened the German forces, then the army must be called in and its course "must be ruthless."

But Norway did not stand alone; in other occupied lands the temper was the same—and for the same reasons. It was a dark picture of continental Europe that the news reaching England this spring steadily built up. It showed everywhere an appalling reversion toward barbaric conditions of existence; toward robbery limited only by destitution, toward tyranny tempered only by sabotage and assassination. Into the details of that picture it is not necessary to go, for the world is familiar with its outlines. Everybody now knows how systematically the Germans have looted the countries they have overrun. We know how they have taken possession of gold,

jewels, securities and credits; how they have seized food-stuffs and livestock—sometimes, as in Poland, to the point of producing actual starvation; how they despoiled the French cities as far south as Lyons, from which they shipped immense quantities of silk; how they seized the raw cotton stocks of Antwerp and Ghent; how when they entered ruined Belgrade on April 13 they immediately began filling long lines of trucks with goods stolen from the shops and houses. Every one knows how they have carried on a forced mobilization of labor for Nazi war purposes. Everybody knows how they have set up concentration camps, and made them infamous by tortures. Every one knows how they have forced Dutch, Belgian, Scandinavian and French concerns to “amalgamate” with German enterprises under German control.

The British, however, received many facts that are less well known outside. They had accurate estimates of the colossal burdens imposed by the Germans on the enslaved lands under the head of occupation costs. In late March the Foreign Office, in a statement made to the House of Commons by Mr. Butler, then Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, said that the estimated total for Norway, Denmark, Belgium, Holland and France alone was in excess of \$4,200,000,000 a year; more than eight times the maximum annual demand from Germany envisaged by the Young plan. France alone paid three times more than the Young plan required from Germany, the impoverished French people paying more than \$80 a head. It was Norway, however,

which staggered under the heaviest per capita burden. Her occupation charges were £68,000,000 (\$312,000,000) or about \$100 for every resident; and this amounted to one third her whole income of pre-war years. The Belgians were saddled with occupation costs of £75,000,000 (\$300,000,000), and even little Denmark had to pay £26,000,000 (\$104,000,000). In addition, of course, all the occupied countries had to send Germany more goods than they received; and they were paid in blocked marks unlikely ever to be of the slightest value.

The British also had precise facts as to some peculiarly brutal German acts. They suspected all spring that the Germans were deliberately bombing civilian areas in occupied territory so as to give the impression that the R.A.F. was guilty. By May they had accumulated an overwhelming mass of evidence—circumstantial, but quite irrefutable—of these murderous acts. France, Belgium and Holland had all suffered from this despicable trick.

Abundant proof exists of the systematic measures taken by the Germans to depopulate great parts of Poland. These measures include not only mass-executions, not only wholesale deportations, not only the maltreatment of Polish girls, but steps to break up Polish families and prevent the birth of children by sending large numbers of men to labor in Germany. They were paid almost nothing for their labor, and their fare was barely sufficient to support life. The British suspected that

similar measures were being taken as regarded the French. Hitler was keeping about 1,800,000 French soldiers as prisoners of war in Germany, and when he released a few, they were the oldest and weakest. The playwright St. John Ervine called attention to the statement credited to the Fuehrer by Hermann Rauschning in *Hitler Speaks*: "We shall have to develop a technique of depopulation. If you ask me what I mean by depopulation, I mean the removal of entire racial units. And that is what I intend to carry out. . . . I shall simply take systematic measures to damn their natural fertility. For example, I shall keep their men and women separated for years." Much interest was aroused in England late in the spring by the publication of a remarkably frank document which had fallen into the hands of the Free French; a report to the Vichy Government under date of February 5 by General Doyen, head of the French delegation on the Armistice Commission. In this Doyen spoke of the evident German intention to annex large parts of northern and eastern France, in addition to Alsace-Lorraine, and to colonize them with German settlers. The western frontier of the Reich, he declared, would be established on the Scheldt and the Meuse. He wrote: "French workmen are all the time being recruited by the most drastic methods to work for Germany, especially in the Nord and Pas-de-Calais departments: you have something like organized raids to take them away in their thousands from their homes and families. It would almost seem as if the Nazi Govern-

ment were trying to bring about a systematic depopulation of a part of our territory in order to settle in the place of the French inhabitants German colonists, just as they are doing in Alsace-Lorraine."

But worse than the robberies, as bad as the bombings and (particularly in Poland and Jugoslavia) the innumerable executions, have been two special policies of the Germans. One is the systematic extinction of cultural agencies outside of Germany. In all the occupied lands, but especially in Poland and Czechoslovakia, measures have been taken to destroy both education and educated leadership. When Czech universities were closed in November, 1939, it was nominally for three years; actually, the evidence reaching Britain shows that the closing is meant to be permanent. Scientific equipment has been stolen, destroyed, or shipped to German institutions. At one time last year German soldiers in Prague were selling fine microscopes and similar apparatus for a song. University professors and lecturers have been scattered to the winds; the luckiest are serving as assistants in German offices, hospitals and laboratories. The Polish universities and their staffs have fared worse; the Dutch and Belgian universities hardly better.

Everywhere, too, the press, whether devoted to books, magazines, or newspapers, has been put into a strait jacket. Just before I left England, for example, *The London Times* published a list of ten rules for the "guidance" of all Dutch editors which had been smuggled out by a refugee journalist. Newspaper men who broke any of

the ten commandments, some exceedingly broad and vague, were subject to two years in jail and fines of \$4000.

The other particularly sinister policy disclosed by news reaching England is the rapid extension over occupied Europe of a police terrorism like that of Germany itself. It was early instituted in Czechoslovakia, and enforced by the brutalities of Oranienburg and other concentration camps; then in Poland, whence prisoners were sent to the Oswiecim, Sachsenhausen, and other camps. The Lofoten documents showed that it was fastening its grip upon Norway. There, as I have said, the German Army encouraged its activities, so that the Gestapo would take the brunt of Norwegian resentment. And what happened this spring in Belgium seemed particularly significant. A Flemish S. S. has been set up (the Schultsschlaren Vlanderens) which is closely associated with the Nazi S. S. and the Gestapo. Its executive body, the Waffen S. S., is exclusively German. The rank and file is composed of picked Belgian thugs who patrol the streets at some hours in swaggering costume, and at others spy on their neighbors for the benefit of the Gestapo. They have an armed section, the Swarte Brigade, which acts as a totalitarian militia. Holland has its Gestapo branches. Between such groups and the mass of the population exists an implacable hostility.

In most areas the clergy has formed a bulwark of resistance to police terrorism and official tyranny. The brave protest of the Norwegian Bishops shows the spirit

of the Protestant leaders there. In Belgium many Catholic priests, and particularly (according to British reports) the Jesuits, have shown an equal indomitability. The Germans are somewhat reluctant to employ drastic measures against churchmen. For this reason even more courage is exhibited by those intellectuals who, still outside prisons and concentration camps, refuse to bow to the yoke. Early in June, word reached England by way of Stockholm that representatives of forty-four Norwegian organizations, including clergymen, attorneys, architects, engineers, physicians, State officials, professors and jurists, had drawn up an eloquent memorandum of protest against the Quisling regime. They accused it of violating all standards of justice and decency, and making any ordered life impossible. The signers were summoned into the presence of the German commissioner, who told them they would have to suffer the consequences of their temerity. A little later news came that they had all been arrested. But this punishment had no effect on the spirit of the people. It was shortly followed by a strike of all the senior physicians in Oslo as a protest against the arrest of one of their number.

It is true that treachery and defeatism have found adherents in wide areas of Europe. As Norway has its Quislings, Belgium has its followers of the utterly discredited Rexist leader Leon Degrelle. The British feel the utmost detestation for such groups. During my half-year in the island, I heard more bitterness expressed toward the Vichy regime than toward Hitler himself.

In April it seemed that Darlan might swing the French forces over to active co-operation in the Mediterranean and Syria with Germany. "We British no doubt deserve a great deal of punishment for our sins," one man said to me. "But I can't believe that for our worst faults we have deserved anything like that!" They despise Laval, Darlan, Lucien Rommier, the pro-German economic adviser of Pétain, and many more—the Finance Minister, Bouthillier, an inveterate enemy of England; Vallet, the reactionary High Commissioner for the Jews; Berthelot, the minister who is pushing the trans-Saharan railroad to Dakar to help the Axis Powers. They know that Vichy represents danger as well as infamy. But for the mass of the French people they feel the keenest sympathy. They believe that most of the plain people distrust and oppose the Vichy policies; they are sure that intelligent Frenchmen disregard the reptile press of Paris and listen to the B.B.C. And they know how pitiful is the position of the French, their sons and husbands in prison, their only hope of any business recovery or work—so long as the blockade lasts—lying in that economic collaboration with Germany which they have been courageously resisting.

And the British know that far larger groups throughout Europe are spiritually indomitable. Of that fact they have constant proof. A thousand evidences show what a flame is smoldering under the surface, ready to burst forth once the steel cover is cracked. Passive resistance is staunchly maintained in every country. Even when

the French are gotten into armament works they do not produce at the expected rate. Refugees from Belgium this spring reported that three fourths of the output of the Belgian textile mills was going to Germany; but the mills were busy for an average of only thirty hours a week, and very slack work was done in them. Word reached London this spring that the 118,000 Dutch workers sent to Germany were so slow and inefficient that the Nazi authorities were gravely dissatisfied, and were giving up the further importation of Dutch labor. As for active sabotage, it is incessant. Heavy penalties have been visited on Dutch and Norwegian communities for sudden fires, railroad wrecks, and explosions in factories. Numerous Czechs have been executed for similar acts. Indeed, in two days in February the official German news-agency (Deutsche Nachrichten Bureau) reported thirty-five executions—eighteen in Holland, thirteen in Norway, and the remainder scattered in other lands. The British learned in April that the Germans had forbidden the Belgian communal councils to meet or continue their work, for they were centers of resistance to the “new order” and planners of such bits of sabotage as had resulted in the savage fining of Ypres and other towns.

Another interesting fact has emerged from the situation. Refugees from continental Europe this spring agreed with extraordinary unanimity that the morale of the occupying troops has progressively deteriorated. I heard of this from both B.B.C. and Ministry of Informa-

tion men who talked with the newcomers. The reason is simple. In every country the garrisons meet a blank wall of contempt and hostility. The mass of the people treat the German soldiers and officials as what they are—agents of tyranny and oppression. Men will not speak to them except under compulsion. Women will not look at them. According to President Gerbrandy of the Netherlands Council of Ministers, now in London, a German officer in Holland was heard sadly remarking: "Anybody would think that we were the vanquished and the Dutch were the victors." Adroit insults are arranged. A Nazi broadcaster complained this spring that the same Dutchmen who would not give to Winter Help because it had Nazi associations would gladly give a street musician several guilders to play national airs under a German's window. Where insults are impossible, ridicule takes its place. The story was told in England of a Bergen street urchin who flaunted a copy of *The London Times* under the eyes of authority. "Where did you get it?" demanded a Gestapo man. "Get it?" mockingly echoed the urchin, "why, I'm a regular subscriber, of course!"

Upon the more brutal Germans all this has little effect. But there are civilized and sensitive soldiers, already ashamed of what their country has done and is compelling them to do, who feel the treatment deeply. If the garrison is small and isolated, solitude preys on their minds. Melancholy and suicides are reported. At the same time evidence of a breakdown of discipline has

reached England. Refugees report that bribery has become common in parts of Holland, Belgium and France. Almost any favor, even to the grant of means for getting to Great Britain or Spain, can be purchased if enough money is discreetly offered in the right quarters. In Paris the German garrison constitutes a world of its own. Busy offices are running full blast, German women have helped to establish a society, German businessmen come and go. But elsewhere there is a loss of self-respect which undermines morale. And everywhere, even in Paris, a latent anxiety, a gnawing uneasiness as to the future, are reported.

This is the situation which the British and their Allies hope to exploit when their hour strikes. Foreign armies—the Free French, who have long had an independent command in Great Britain, with the Polish, Norwegian, Czech, Belgian and Dutch forces—are being trained as nuclei of greater armies to come. The Belgians possess an army training camp in Britain, and they have a special section in the royal navy. The Norwegian navy has never been idle for a day since the invasion of Norway, and it has lately been strengthened by the assignment to it of several American destroyers. The Norwegian merchant fleet has of course played an invaluable part in winning the Battle of the Atlantic; and Norwegian flyers trained in Canada now have their own squadron of fighters in Great Britain. Far north in the Scottish Highlands a Norwegian army of invasion is being drilled. The Poles have particularly distinguished themselves in

the air, showing reckless bravery; and it was a Polish destroyer that was the first warship to sight the *Bismarck*. They, too, have their land units. I found that Polish officers, many of them of aristocratic lineage and fine education, were especially liked by the British. Nor can the Greeks be forgotten. When their nation fell they saved a little naval force of one cruiser, seven destroyers, and various smaller craft which, manned by some thousands of gallant Greek sailors, has since been based on Alexandria. All these forces have a way of growing. Little by little, men slip out of the homeland or come from alien countries to join them; and without exception, these forces look forward to fighting on their own soil again.

Continental Europe is now one vast prison-house, in which the groans of incarcerated peoples and the clanking of their chains are the principal sounds. While the Germans are undefeated and hold all the arms, any uprising is impossible. But the R.A.F. already claims command not only of the Channel but of a corner of France. The British navy holds command of the waters, and I learned that British forces are landed from time to time in night raids on Flanders or Northern France, getting information, picking up friends, and capturing small groups of Germans. What if—after the Battle of the Atlantic is securely won—the navy and R.A.F. enlarge and strengthen their command of the coasts, so that troops can be landed somewhere in France, somewhere in Norway, and perhaps somewhere in Italy, while great

fleets of fighters and bombers, largely American built, not only protect them, but disrupt the communications of the enemy far to the rear? When that happens, passive resistance in the occupied lands will rise like a great wave; sabotage will occur in hundreds of instances where now it occurs in one; men and boys will flock to the standards of their own countrymen aligned with the British. No one can be sure that this is how the war will end. But it is one possibility—and a possibility that the British take very seriously.

As they consider this possibility, one thought disturbs some Englishmen. It is the thought that when the long-oppressed peoples of Europe find themselves with weapons in their hands and German residents and prisoners at their mercy, they may exact a vengeance comparable with their wrongs. There are Dutchmen who will not forget the massacre of 30,000 people in the ruthless bombing of Rotterdam; Serbs who will not forget that corpses of 20,000 men, women and children were dragged from the ruins of Belgrade; Poles who will not forget the hideous maltreatment of their nation. But if restraints are needed, the British will furnish them. They intend, once victory is won, to take measures which will effectively prevent the Germans from repeating their offenses against civilization. But, as spokesmen for all parties, and in particular for the Labor party, have repeatedly declared, they do not want any element of vengeance in these measures.

VII

Lamps of Culture

The Britain of Shakespeare, Milton, and Keats, of Dickens, Thackeray, and Meredith, of Purcell and Elgar, of Hogarth, Turner, and Millais, yet survives. There has been no blackout of culture in the island. Many of the agencies which minister to the intellect and spirit are sustained with great difficulty; but it seems a point of national honor not only to keep them going, but to give them a more democratic bearing and import.

The same newspapers that carried the record of battles and air raids chronicled the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, where the veteran manager Iden Payne was producing a full list of classic plays. They described the annual show of the Royal Academy, for which five thousand pictures were submitted and a thousand hung; the shows, too, of the Royal Watercolor Society and Royal Society of British Artists. They described exhibitions of sculpture, including Epstein's bronze head of M. Maisky at the Leicester Galleries. The press noted the meeting of the Classical Association, where T. S. Eliot was elected president in place of Sir Richard Livingstone. It made much of the centenary celebration of the London Library, founded by Thomas Carlyle, its

half-million books in the fine old building on St. James's Square still intact, its lending service still vigorous. All the great musical organizations of the island—the Hallé Concerts Society in Manchester, the seventy-five-year-old Bach Choir in London, the London Philharmonic, and so on—were as active as usual. Sir Henry Wood's Promenade Concerts began in London at the usual time. Not only did the London theatres have a respectable list of plays, but repertory companies were giving dramatic performances all over England; and opera and ballet still drew large audiences. The magazines—the *Nineteenth Century*, *Fortnightly*, *Contemporary*, *Blackwoods*, and the rest—were as solid and stodgy as ever. Authors still wrote busily, and all the publishing houses turned out books amain.

At first glance part of this activity seemed marked by a blithe if unostentatious disregard for the war. The Shakespeare Festival began its twenty-week cycle, for example, without fuss or bravado. A reader of the accounts would have supposed that England had nothing more to get excited about than the Stratford debut of the well-known West End actress Margaretta Scott. The D'Oyly Carte Company ran through Gilbert and Sullivan without a single topical reference to Hitler or Goering. Miss Myra Hess played as predominantly a German program in her National Gallery concerts as of old. The obituary records given to Sir James Frazer of *Golden Bough* fame seemed not a whit diminished by the pressure of war news or the shortage of paper.

Yet actually the mark of the war is printed heavily on all the cultural activities of Great Britain. The Promenade Concerts could not be held in Queen's Hall—it has disappeared; they went to Albert Hall. That careless-seeming Shakespeare Festival represented anxious planning and great courage; for the Memorial Theatre, which in pre-war days averaged a profit of nearly \$70,000 a year, now faced a possible loss of \$40,000—hard hit by the absence of Americans and colonials, the brevity of holidays, and the shortages of gasoline and hotel space. The London Philharmonic had lost most of its instruments in a spring blitz. Visitors to the Royal Academy show at first walked from Piccadilly through a Burlington Arcade still smart and fresh; but by the middle of May it had suffered a sad smash. The notable pictures were battle-pieces like Richard Eurich's "Dunkirk Beach"; night-scenes of fire-lit London under bombs, bursting flack, and the groping fingers of searchlights; and busy groups of soldiers and women war-workers. In the London theatre safe revivals were more prominent than risky new plays. At concerts watchers anxiously asked themselves if the size of the audience outran the capacity of neighboring shelters. Publishers lamented the fact that in the fire-attack on London City on December 29 some five million books were burned up—that was the figure given me by Sir Humphrey Milford; they deplored the rising price of paper and scarcity of printers. The spring had its tragic event in literature when Virginia Woolf committed suicide, leaving a brief

note: "I . . . cannot go on any longer in these terrible times. I hear voices. . . ." Even the Classical Association was touched by the conflict. The Greek Minister made a speech to say that Britain understood better than any other land the spirit of ancient Hellenic civilization; and Sir Richard Livingstone quoted a sentence of Aristotle applicable to current affairs—"Man when perfected is the best of animals, but when divorced from justice he is the worst of all."

Yet everywhere, despite the stress of war, an attempt was being made to give cultural agencies a broader usefulness. This seemed to me the most striking feature of the situation. The reason for this attempt was fairly clear. All the men and women of Britain had been called upon for a war-effort; everybody, high and low, educated and uneducated, was laboring under intense strain; and agencies which had once been content to amuse, console, and elevate the select few, now felt they had a duty to help the whole population.

In this the B.B.C., the Ministry of Information, and such organizations as the C.E.M.A. (Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts) have taken the lead. No one can be in Britain long without seeing that if the B.B.C. falls behind American broadcasting companies in offering entertainment, it is decidedly more courageous in the popularization of culture. It does not restrict itself to broadcasting lectures, music, and drama. When I was in Manchester it was co-operating with the Hallé Society in giving two weeks of popular concerts.

It is bold in experiment while conservative in insisting on sound standards; the "English Pageant," a miscellany of verse, prose, and music which it broadcast on St. George's Day, was a remarkable work. The Ministry of Information has encouraged artists to paint pictures commemorating all the activities of the nation at war. Some were exhibited this spring and summer in special rooms of the National Gallery; the government has bought more than 900 since the war began; and select lots have been sent to provincial cities, the Dominions, and the United States. They have immediate value as propaganda, but will possess still greater value years hence as a record of these stirring times. Another government-encouraged scheme, aided by a grant from the Pilgrim Trust, commissioned artists to execute many drawings of places and buildings; and the resulting "topographical exhibition" at the National Gallery was a record of much beauty that bombs may yet destroy.

The C.E.M.A. has done a really extraordinary work since the war began in taking good art in all its forms to the masses—and has done it at very low cost. Last winter and spring it sent three "Old Vic" companies on tour, two to present drama and one small-scale opera. Visiting industrial centers in the Midlands, the North, and Wales, they played to about a quarter of a million people; and I was told that their reception was enthusiastic. Miners and mechanics clapped good plays vociferously. For a time during the summer two of these companies united to give "King John" and "Medea" in

London. The C.E.M.A. also supplied concerts of really good music in factories and in rest-centers of the worst-bombed areas, using the best professional musicians available. It sent over the country travelling exhibitions of paintings, town-planning designs, and industrial art. At the same time it was encouraging amateur dramatics and concerts. Some of this work was being done in the hostels erected to house employees in scattered munitions factories. But particularly delightful was its effort, along with other organizations, to create wholesome amateur entertainment in air-raid shelters. This achieved really wonderful results. The London that had produced Charlie Chaplin showed its capacity to throw up dozens of gifted artists in singing, miming, and acting. Dramatic companies like the Shelter Players sprang into existence. John Holgate, who described in *The Times* his work as entertainment-director for the Refugees of England Committee in shelters and pubs—a work assisted by the C.E.M.A.—was emphatic in saying that the masses really took to art: "What is quite certain is that most people like good things when they are put before them, and the good things are the only things that are remembered."

And while some forms of art are (like almost everything else) being democratized in Britain, the country is striving hard to conserve its ancient cultural foundations. Of this effort the treatment of the universities furnishes the best example. In the last war they fared wretchedly. Now they are being protected. All of the

three principal types of university which Great Britain possesses are immensely active: the older seats at Oxford and Cambridge, the Scottish universities, and the city universities like Manchester and Birmingham. To be sure, funds have been depleted, and registration cut in half. The University of London has been bombed again and again, and its faculties are scattered to the four winds—the London School of Economics having found refuge in Cambridge, the King's College faculty in Bristol, and so on. I saw at Birmingham what it meant to have the library carried down to dark basement rooms; at Liverpool what hardship could result from the smashing of important scientific facilities; and at Glasgow what an ordeal lecturing in rooms without window-glass and open to the icy winds could be. But since most of my activities were connected with Oxford, I can best speak of that institution—the wartime position of which throws much light on the whole attitude of Britain toward her cultural assets.

In the war of 1914-18 the University of Oxford was temporarily almost extinguished. Students deserted its gray halls to volunteer en masse; fellows and dons threw down their lecture notes to rush to battle posts or government offices; it almost suspended its functions of research, publication and general enlightenment. Today the ancient citadel of culture is treated more tenderly and wisely. It has not been thrust aside, but conscripted as an important unit in the national effort. The government has recognized the importance of keeping the lamp

of learning aflame. National authorities have encouraged the university's scientific work, made grants to sustain its scholarly activities, and kept half its students and more than half the faculty at their desks.

Oxford town, in peacetime so quietly alluring, is now one of the busiest, alertest and most interesting little cities in the world. It is crowded with people. The stream of évacués from London and elsewhere has occupied every house and lodging, and fills the sidewalks of the narrow streets—Cornmarket, St. Aldate's, the Turl—to overflowing. The town is resonant with traffic. By day down High Street whirls an endless river of trucks, cars and bicycles. The heavy tramp, tramp of soldiers on leave echoes constantly along the ways. The hotels—the Randolph, the King's Arms, the Eastgate, the ancient Mitre—are jammed; two theatres are running; wartime concerts crowd the Town Hall. Airplanes buzz constantly overhead.

Only at night does the immemorial peace of older days descend upon the town. When the blackout begins, traffic ceases and everybody withdraws indoors. The last hurried knots scramble into buses. Shop shutters come down with a bang. As peace falls, the university again asserts its ascendancy over the town. On clear nights the moon lifts the towers and battlements of the colleges out of the general obscurity, touches with silver the high spires and domes, and etches against the horizon a series of enchanting profiles. Then the solitary wanderer, starting from Magdalen Bridge and walking

past the Italianate front of Queen's College to the twisted gate-pillars of fifteenth-century St. Mary's, may fancy that he has returned to medieval times. The blackout has its disadvantages, but it does restore a nocturnal beauty that was lost when gas and electricity entered the world.

The university normally pretends, so far as it can, to ignore the town. Most Oxford teachers occasionally express their envy of Cambridge, which has remained in a quiet side-eddy of English life. By accident, not for any logical reason, Oxford became the center of an industrialized district. A great motor factory and a steel mill throb not many miles away, while minor industrial works are scattered about. Moreover, Oxford of late years has been a virtual suburb of London. It has grown too fast, and with too little foresight; so that while it presents some of the loveliest streets and nooks in all Europe, it also offers at no great distance various sights that would cause any town-planning expert to tear his hair. In the last year the influx of fleeing people from London and the coastal towns has made the place physically very uncomfortable.

Quite naturally, the university pulls the skirts of its gown rather ostentatiously away from the city, and speaks disdainfully of it. But for all that, every one feels the quickened pulse of life, and the wartime town reacts rather healthfully on the wartime university, for the quietly strenuous activity that today fills all England permeates Oxford. Many of the évacués have opened

shops. Some of the large London stores have branches in the town, which do a thriving business. Places for outfitting officers are numerous. The bookstores (and Oxford's bookstores, led by Blackwell's, are justly famous around the globe) are full of customers. The restaurants, food shops, and motion-picture halls are jammed. Almost any night in spring it was possible to go into an American-kept restaurant in George Street at half-past ten and see two picturesque groups mingling there for a snack: soldiers and their girls from the neighboring cinemas, and eagerly talking students from some lecture at the Taylorian Institution.

And, inescapably, the university mingles many of its activities with those of the town. Lecturers and factory employees drill together in the Home Guard, and half of the company commanders are university teachers. The sergeant of my own unit was a shopkeeper in the High; the captain was a fellow of Christ Church. The city authorities and the colleges join hands in their precautions against air raids. The new Bodleian, the handsome library just built in part by American money, has never been opened to students; it is filled instead with a dozen community services, and a great sign indicating that one room is a blood transfusion center stands at the door. Town and gown unite in a wide variety of committee meetings to meet the problems raised by the war.

The university itself has felt the war as a stimulus rather than as a repression. If the conflict has drained away half the students, it has imposed new duties and

responsibilities on the institution. It has demanded of those who remain, both teachers and undergraduates, a more serious outlook and a more tireless industry.

When the war began, many feared a cataclysmic stoppage. But they were quickly reassured when the Government announced its decision not to call up men before their twentieth birthdays. At the end of the first six months Oxford still had about seventy per cent of its undergraduates, and was maintaining much of its old life unchanged. In the fall of 1940, 746 freshmen, an encouraging number, came up. To be sure, in recent months the age limit for conscription has been moved downward to nineteen. But the Government has made it plain that men who pass their nineteenth birthday will be permitted to stay on to take vital university examinations, while many in scientific and medical courses hold special exemptions. During 1940-41 the university had about two thousand undergraduate and post-graduate students, as against a normal registration of four thousand. It will not have so many in 1941-42, for the pressure of military needs grows steadily greater. But those who enter at eighteen will still possess a reasonable prospect of one year at the university. And many will hereafter enter at seventeen, for the secondary schools are turning out their graduates at an earlier age to make two full years at the university possible.

Into these two years more is being crowded than ever before, for faculty and students are working with unexampled energy. A war degree has been set up which

represents a combination of war service and academic study. Ordinarily an Oxford man has won his B.A. after three years of three terms each, or nine terms in all. But at the beginning of the war the authorities established minimum examination requirements which were intended to give a student a war degree when he had passed examinations representing five terms of work and had spent a certain time in the national service. The standard for a degree in the Honours Schools remained unaltered; but steps were taken to allow students who had joined the forces to reach that standard by instalments.

Many undergraduates, by hard work, proved able to satisfy the academic requirements in three terms. Last winter, therefore, the university stiffened its demands. It now insists that students spend at least five terms of actual residence in Oxford, or a little less than two academic years. Then, after additional national service, equal to four terms in training-value, they will receive the war degree. Whether the public will hold this degree in as high estimation as that taken by the normal nine terms of academic work remains to be seen. But it will represent a great deal of strenuous work, and will indicate a better-rounded experience than in peacetime.

Undergraduate life, once as gay and lighthearted at Oxford as anywhere, has become a grim and gray affair. The discipline is inevitably harder, bleaker, and more laborious than in fairly placid periods. A few of

the Oxford colleges have been completely commandeered for national purposes. Others have been taken over in part for civil activities of the government. The result is that some college bodies have been wholly or partly dumped upon their neighbors.

Brasenose undergraduates find themselves living in Christ Church College. Numerous Balliol men have had to take up their residence in the adjoining Trinity College. This last migration has excited special interest in Oxford, for it has ended an ancient feud. For generations Balliol men and Trinity men have loved to bait each other, exchanging insults and missiles over their partition wall. Because Balliol took in various colored students, Trinity lads used to cry, "Bring out your black men!" In time they came to shout, more tauntingly, "Bring out your white men!"—and finally, "Bring out your white man!" But now two colleges are house-mates. "The lion lies down with the lamb," remarked the head of Trinity, taking care to add that the Balliol students were the lions and his own flock the lambs. It may be difficult for a student of Lincoln College to feel that he is truly a Lincoln man when he sleeps in Exeter rooms, worships in Exeter chapel and eats in the Exeter hall. But the teaching staff takes pains to keep in close touch with its own men, wherever housed.

Not only are the students often "doubled up" in their colleges; they work harder and play less than ever before. They are trying to cram as much as possible of

nine terms of work into five terms. In addition, all physically fit students belong to a Senior Training Corps unit, and have to drill at least six or seven hours weekly. This means difficulty in getting to academic lectures, and a certain dislocation of university work, with resulting overtime study. The students, moreover, feel the general pressure of the war, the grim tension of the crisis in the nation's life. They have far less time than usual for clubs, music, dramatics, debates (though the Oxford Union still goes on), and for general reading and talking. Many of the colleges have joined to make up athletic teams from their depleted numbers, but leisure for games is limited. The faculty agree that most undergraduates are working too hard, and would be better off for a little relaxation. But then in Britain today practically everybody is working to the limit of his energies.

Oxford students not only take the new hardships uncomplainingly, but in some instances even welcome them as making university life cheaper. For today a large proportion of Oxford men are boys from very poor families indeed. Since the introduction of government grants on a large scale, and the multiplication of local scholarships or exhibitions, Oxford and Cambridge students alike represent a fair cross-section of the population. Some are sons of lords and millionaires; far more come from straitened homes. There are actually not a few sons of miners, artisans, and farmers at Oxford (and likewise at Cambridge) nowadays whose parents have

a smaller annual income than the cost of maintaining their boys at the university. Since the wartime changes at Oxford, the general rule is that each student pays an inclusive fee of twelve shillings a day for room, heat, light, service and food. With tuition and incidentals added, the term's bills may now come to as little as £50 or £60 (\$200 or \$240); though most students estimate that the college year of three terms costs from £200 to £225 (\$800 to \$900). To help the poorer undergraduates, some colleges give them free dinners or other aids, while practically all make payments for fire-watching in vacation.

The university faculty, meanwhile, is, happily, in large part intact. The younger men, of course, have flocked to the colors, while some of the older officers, like Sir Arthur Salter (who is both the university M.P. and Professor of International Relations), are in government service. Others throughout the spring and summer term left week by week. At the beginning of June only one active teacher of economics remained in service at the University—all the others had enlisted or entered government offices. And within a short time this lecturer, an able American attached to Queens, Mr. Charles Hitch, had joined the American Embassy staff in London. A few other departments were badly hit. But the general teaching body remains, adorned and illuminated by most of the eminent names of pre-war days. Those who wish and who take the pains can go to the lectures of Sir A. E. Zimmern, Sir W. S. Holdsworth, Sir

Charles Oman, Sir David Ross; of great scholars like Coupland, Hodgkin, Powicke, Adams, Gordon, and Nichol Smith. They may have glimpses of distinguished figures of a departing generation, like Gilbert Murray, who is neighbor on Boar's Hill to John Masefield and who is widely active. The university atmosphere is still full of the presence of distinguished men recently departed, like Lord Tweedsmuir, who lived for years at Elsfeld Manor, just outside town, serving Oxford in various capacities, and H. A. L. Fisher. The university courses are nearly as rich and varied as ever.

In the senior common rooms at night the coal fire glows brightly, and behind the blackout curtains the lamps gleam as cheerfully as of old on portraits of dead celebrities. If the common room affords little cake and no fruit, the wine is good, while, above all, the talk remains witty, vivacious and learned. In the Bodleian may be seen great scholars from all parts of Europe, refugees from universities closed or destroyed by Axis tyranny, and with them toil men, like Madariaga of Spain, who are more than scholars.

The Oxford University Press, in some ways the world's greatest publishing house, still pours forth its admirable books, and it has not hesitated in these dark days to bring out a noble work of scholarship, nobly printed, Baddeley's *Rugged Flanks of Caucasus*, at six guineas the two volumes. The Ashmolean and other museums have put their best treasures in safe places, but

still their treasures increase. A bequest by the late Frank Hindley-Smith has lately enriched Oxford by one of the best collections of modern French art in existence.

Thus while the clouds grow darker over Europe, the lamps of the intellect still burn brightly at Oxford. With more than 700 years of history behind it, the great university is still serving culture and truth after its ancient fashion, by diligent study and careful teaching. At a time when civilization is being stamped into the dust over a great part of the Continent, it is cherishing and supporting the finest values of human life. The rulers of Britain do well to keep the university, with all its sisters, active and vigorous; for it is a symbol of the interests and ideals that Britain is determined to restore and maintain in Europe.

And, at the same time, the university is mobilized to do what it can in the active service of the nation and humanity. It trains its young men, it hurriedly places its stamp upon them and then it sends them into the battle line. Every student knows that war service lies just ahead of him. Every student knows that he may soon be asked to give up his life. To every Oxford college news constantly trickles back of its men on service, and often the news is tragic. This man is a prisoner in Germany; that one has been killed in Libya; a third has been slain at Dunkerque; another has been lost in action in the North Sea. The death roll does not yet compare with that of 1914-18, but it is growing poignantly long.

These young Oxonians carry away with them, as to previous wars, a high sense of honor, a love of action and achievement, a passionate devotion to their country, a disdain of death in a noble cause. They are bearers of a great tradition, who may be saluted in the lines a provost of Oriel wrote during the last conflict:

*God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.*

In some respects British culture will undoubtedly be weakened by the war. The volume both of creative and scholarly authorship, for example, has fallen off very markedly. Many young novelists and scholars are in the armed forces; many older men are either doing war work or, as some told me, too distracted to write. Publishers agreed that the sale of books has increased, for the blackout keeps people home at night to read, while interest in public questions is intense; but they also agreed that the popular demand is for books on war action, the armed services (especially the R.A.F.), and international politics. Pure literature has suffered. It may gain in the end from new themes, enriched experience, and the stimulus of victory, but that is conjectural. The universities, which are badly endowed by American

standards, will face grim financial problems after the war. So will the great public schools, which will probably have to accept state subsidies and so become public in the American sense. Since Britain will emerge from the war with the heaviest debt of her history, and with the greatest tasks of physical and social reconstruction she has yet encountered, her energies will of necessity be thrown into material fields. It will be extraordinary if this does not reduce her intellectual and artistic undertakings. Many Britons are wistfully remarking that after the conflict, America will have to furnish the world its cultural leadership.

Yet one department of British intellectual activity promises to benefit from present-day tendencies. Science is being harnessed to the war effort as never before, and both the government and the large industries are gaining a new comprehension of its potentialities. The three main agencies through which science is contributing toward victory are the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, the Medical Research Council, and the Agricultural Research Council—all three responsible to Sir John Anderson. All have numerous subcommittees. All are attempting a broad work; the Medical Research Council, for example, goes into questions of public health and personnel efficiency. In addition, various government departments, such as the Aircraft Production Ministry and Admiralty, have indispensable research units of their own. Almost frantic exertions are

being made by British scientists and technologists to find better explosives, better airplane designs, better guns, better torpedoes, better gases; to perfect implements for bringing down night-bombers and destroying submarines. Agricultural science is today appreciated as never in the past. Altogether, Britain is spending money on both pure and applied science in unprecedented amounts. Her industrialists have learned with a shock how far American industrial laboratories have surpassed the British. Expenditures for science are likely to be much greater after the war, and the credit of scientific workers distinctly enhanced.

At the same time, post-war Britain seems likely to gain something from the widespread demands for educational reform. Much was accomplished under H. A. L. Fisher and others after the last war; much more remains to be accomplished. The country has an insufficient number of elementary schools, secondary schools, and trade schools; its school-leaving age is too low; the number of children in school classes is too large; the pay of teachers is inadequate. The vast shifts of population since the war began have created difficult problems, including a grave amount of that juvenile delinquency which always results from broken homes. Not only does all this need to be attended to, but a more fundamental question of social attitude has to be faced. Mrs. J. L. Stocks, the able principal of Westfield College in the University of London, who had transferred that institution to Oxford, was frank in her statements upon it.

She (and others) said that the British educational system had been erected on an antiquated class-structure, with a privileged class in control which regarded the lower classes as biologically inferior. If the great number of meetings and speeches on the subject of education mean anything, a multitude of Britons are unwilling to put up much longer with this antiquated class-basis.

VIII

What Is This British Spirit?

The British spirit in this war is a composite of many moods and impulses. One element is a realization that they have simply got to go through with it, for they know quite well what their fate will be if they don't. Another, especially prominent among the hard-jawed Scots and North-country men, is a stern readiness to accept the worst realities, an actual preference for predictions of blood, sweat, and tears over the brighter blandishments of hope. With this goes a Mark Tapley delight in being especially serene when the worst blows are falling. A very important element is the remarkable homogeneity (at bottom) of the British people, who have shared the same ideas and ideals, successes and failures, for centuries; disunity is impossible. This is coupled with their patriotism, for they have a love for the tight little island all the fiercer for being inarticulate. Not to be overlooked, too, is their distinct pride in their ancient and present exploits—the pride to which Churchill appealed when he suggested that they might write a more glorious page of history than their ancestors in the days of Wellington, Marlborough, and Drake. They like to think that when God wants a particularly hard job done he sends for his Englishmen. But this pride, the patriotism, and the dourness are all tempered by a saving sense

of humor—the humor of Sam Weller looking at himself and the wry world.

All of these traits and tendencies are better illustrated by sayings and incidents than stated abstractly. One evening I was sitting with a group of men in Oxford discussing literary matters. Somebody mentioned that the Everyman Library was approaching the goal which its editor, Ernest Rhys, had set so many years ago—one thousand volumes. "When the publishers reach that point they ought to hold a special celebration," he observed.

"Yes," said a listener, "and they will no doubt make the thousandth book something very notable—a title of outstanding importance."

"Oh, events may take care of that," remarked a third. "Perhaps the thousandth volume will be *Mein Kampf*!" And everybody in the room laughed heartily.

This little incident had more significance than might appear on the surface. The British are nothing if not realists. They have always known—they know still—that by a combination of mischances they may not win the war. It was with a sense of shock that soon after reaching England I heard George Macaulay Trevelyan, the staunchest of patriots and by no means a pessimist, begin a sentence with the phrase, "If we are defeated." Other men of equally honest mind spoke as frankly. "If the war does not come out right," they would say uneasily. But in their heart of hearts ninety-nine in a hundred think it will come out right. They

are determined to go through any agony to see that it does. Eighty in a hundred are so certain of it that they laugh with joyous amusement at the idea that Hitler might put *Mein Kampf* into the Everyman Library.

For this confidence allied with realism, this feeling that though blood, sweat, and tears may flow in torrents the final result is certain, any one who spends months in Great Britain and travels widely over the island can see that there are various causes. One is rooted in the historic past. Britons have been through terrible disasters and dangerous crises in bygone times, and have emerged safely. They recall how gloomy was the outlook when Napoleon concentrated his Grand Army at Boulogne. They vividly remember the weeks in the spring of 1917 when Germany's submarine warfare seemed on the point of complete success. They won through then, just as they surmounted nasty reverses in the Crimean War, the Boer War, and many another struggle. They no longer believe that success is won without hard effort and planning.

"Don't talk about muddling through," I heard Lady Tweedsmuir cry to a large audience. "When we muddled in the last war we failed, when we stopped muddling and used our heads we triumphed."

But looking at history, Britons, who on the whole remain a decidedly religious people, consciously or subconsciously feel that their country has a guiding providence; that as they won against heavy odds in the past whenever their cause was right, so they will win again.

Another element in British confidence is the encouragement given them by the support of the dominions and (especially since the Lend-Lease Act) the United States. They have immense trust in the strong right arm of Uncle Sam. But they are upborne by a still larger faith. They feel that since they are fighting the cause of democracy, democracy everywhere will increasingly rally to their side. When I addressed audiences in Midland factory towns an auditor would occasionally rise and point an accusing finger at me. "You say that the great majority of Americans believe strongly that Britain is fighting for justice and freedom, and Germany for greed and tyranny," he would say. "Then why doesn't the United States declare war and throw all her energies into this fight?" I would explain that nations usually go to war only when their own vital interests are endangered; that governments are necessarily trustees for their people, and cannot plunge into costly conflicts on merely altruistic grounds. It would take time and events, I would add, to show the majority of Americans that their vital interests *are* endangered.

Nearly all of the audiences accepted and endorsed this explanation. They recognized that the United States could hardly enter hostilities except to insure its own safety. But almost to a man they believed that America's safety depended on German defeat. They believed that the United States would increasingly realize this. And they believed that when enough people realized it, America—and other democracies with her—would throw

their full strength into the battle against the Nazi power. The British know that they are not standing alone. They hope that the war will end with the entire democratic world fighting beside them.

But the greatest source of the realistic confidence of the British people lies in their own stubborn determination, and a consciousness of their own fast-growing strength. Britons have long been noted for a certain dogged individualism of spirit. Historically, the doggedness has stood in curious contrast with the enthusiasm and élan displayed in some wars by the Latin races; the individualism in contrast with the robot discipline and servile precision of the Teutons. I should say that the British have never been more dogged than now, and never more individualistic. They show their resolution in the doughty way they have buckled down to hard work and self-denial. Their individualism comes out in the exploits of the R.A.F., of the sailors facing the U-boats, and of the plain men and women who win the George medal in every air-raid. Yet Britain is always full of contradictions. Along with the doggedness goes a certain exhilaration; along with the individualism goes an unprecedented submission to governmental control. The dour, grim mood in which the British are fighting this war finds two main expressions. One is negative. It lies in the entire lack of any of the pomp, blare and glitter once associated with war. The people have settled down with hard, cold determination to a nasty, unhappy task. Music, flags, bunting, and parades are all

missing. In Oxford I heard martial music just twice: once in a Boy Scout parade and once when a sound-wagon came up High Street playing such American airs as "Anchors Aweigh" and "Marching Through Georgia." In London and Manchester I heard bands during War Weapons Week. That was all. Flags flew in the large cities on three days—St. George's Day, Empire Day, and the King's birthday. For the rest, they came out only on one occasion—and then always promptly and conspicuously. After a blitz in any city the Union Jack would project defiantly through ruined windows and float over heaps of ruins.

But a more positive expression of British doggedness can be found in their way of depreciating their sufferings. They are quick to shut up anybody who talks about his air-raid experiences or exploits. "Blitz bores" are not tolerated. But they like to repeat stories illustrating other men's nerve and imperturbability. They told me, for example, of the Londoner who, after a raid which smashed his home, was found mounting guard beside the piano. "I don't mind the house," he said, "we haven't been here long. But I can't bear the thought of losing the piano; it's been in the family years and years." They enjoy such stories as that of the Middlesex household which discussed sending the small son from a much-bombed area to a safer district. "Well, all right," the boy said reluctantly, "so long as you come too, Mummy." "Oh," she demurred, "I must stay home and look after daddy." "Then I'll stay at home too," was the

decided reply. "I don't mind the noise." And a friend of mine particularly liked to tell of the chambermaid in the Dorchester Hotel in London. Staying there one night, he remarked to her that since it was nine o'clock and no alarm had gone, the Germans were probably not coming, for they usually struck before nine. "Oh," said she, "sometimes they comes at nine, sometimes at ten, sometimes even at midnight. What I says is, You can't put any reliance in those Germans."

Yet now and then a grimmer note is struck. Englishmen knew all last spring that a German attempt at invasion would mean a very real danger, and that even if beaten back, as they were confident it would be, it would cause an immense amount of bloodshed and destruction. Yet many hoped it would take place because they believed its defeat would shorten the war. I was talking to the eminent economist, R. H. Tawney, in March. "It would be just like the blighters not to invade at all," he growled.

At that time the nightly air-raids were causing intense suffering. Yet late in March I heard Air-Commodore Goddard broadcast a statement which seemed to me one of the most Spartan of all recorded utterances. He said: "It should be a consolation to people who have lost their folk and their homes to know that many of the bombs that have brought such grief and suffering were meant for other places which, if hit, would bring suffering to the country as a whole." In other words, the man who saw his family blown to rags might take

comfort from the fact that the bomb which bereaved him did not fall on a vital factory instead. It may seem a cold-blooded utterance. Actually, to a multitude of matter-of-fact Britons, ready to make any sacrifice, it spoke a hard sense that really did bring consolation for individual losses.

Yet along with this grim dourness of the national temper, and along with the tight-lipped acceptance of all but crushing labors and losses, the visitor to Britain encounters some extraordinary flashes of exhilaration. Nearly every one agrees that morale is better than in the last war. "One reason for it," Sir Alfred Zimmern explained to me, "is that everybody has to endure something, to perform some duty; everybody is active." That is true. Today every one stands in a sense in the front line, facing peril and bearing part of the burden. People who hear the unearthly wail of the sirens every night face up to the war better than the generation of 1914-18, when families waited in agonizing suspense for the casualty lists from France. Another reason is equally clear. To the younger generation in particular, the war has become as an invigorating gale after a period of enervating demoralization. The first night after reaching England I walked from the Stygian gloom of Bristol's blackout into the brightly illuminated lounge of the Grand Hotel, full of life and animation. Young officers filled the restaurant. One was the novelist Robert Henriques. "This is a far happier time than two or three years ago," he said. "It is a far nobler England."

Perhaps it is wrong to speak of young people in particular. In the last war Kipling wrote of the ex-clerk who found self-respect in the trenches and went to death content. "Pity not! The Army gave Freedom to a timid slave." In this conflict a multitude of women have found liberation and satisfaction. It was exhilarating to watch those in uniform hurrying about their tasks—the ATS serving as drivers of motorcars or dispatch-riders on bicycles, the helmeted Queen's Messengers who were ready to take mobile canteens and race through the night to some bombed city, the WRNS and VADS and the members of the ambulance corps with their medical-supply cars and first-aid vehicles. As the Prime Minister put it, if their work was grim, their manner was gay. They astonished themselves, in many instances, by their quickness, bravery, and endurance. They delighted in more responsible tasks than peace could have given them, in proving an equality with men which would otherwise hardly have been acknowledged, and in the comradeship of their rather rough billets and depots. They were of all ages and all social backgrounds, though young girls of good family seemed to predominate. I could believe it when somebody mentioned a woman who said she would be sorry when the war ended—"It is so interesting." Many of the working-women who made up eighty per cent of the force in some munitions plants might have said the same. All this is to be remembered as an offset to the agonies and losses of the war.

As the statement by Robert Henriques suggests, most Britons feel that the spirit of the nation has changed for the better. They also take pride in their sense of worthy national achievement. They do not need a Churchill to tell them that they have been living in one of their nation's finest hours. To be sure, they are aware of errors, stupidities and failures. In three continental campaigns they have met defeat. Yet they have had their gallant victories too. The Battle of the River Plate was recalled as an action in which the navy showed something of the Nelson touch. Wavell's march through Libya aroused a deep if never ostentatious enthusiasm. At the Royal Academy show the two most talked-of pictures were the before-mentioned Dunkerque evacuation and one showing the defense of the Calais citadel. Britons will always think of the evacuation of France, with its employment of every small boat the English coast could muster, as one of their memorable exploits. When the Government issued its admirably written pamphlet describing the victorious Battle of Britain, it made a sensation. Piles of it appeared at every newsstand and bookstore, and had to be replenished daily. A little later Britons were disheartened by the reverses in the Balkans, and later still were shocked by the loss of the *Hood*. But I shall never forget the quiet elation of the stranger who stopped me at noonday on the street to say: "Have you heard the news, sir? The *Bismarck* is down."

And if the nation takes pride in its victories, it may

well be excused for a certain elation in thinking of its larger achievements. It is maintaining the world's greatest navy, which it is constantly and heavily reinforcing from its shipyards. It has produced the world's most efficient air force, superior to Germany's in engineering design, dash and stamina; and it is rapidly augmenting this force. It has equipped armies which have destroyed most of the Italian Empire, and which it expects ultimately to help it gain a final triumph over the Nazi tyranny. For war purposes, it has reorganized its whole internal life and economy. It is putting forth a super-human effort, and it is doing it good-naturedly and cheerfully. There is not a person in the island whose life has not been touched by the war, and multitudes have been ruined by it. Hosts have lost their houses, their property, their close relatives. Other hosts have lost their employment and their savings. Many people are constantly subject to a gnawing anxiety. I well remember the friend who telephoned with impatient anguish to Bristol every morning after it was attacked—and the Germans seemed to attack it almost incessantly—to learn if his sister and her family were safe. Yet the atmosphere of Great Britain is sane and cheerful. In this fact the people have some reason to take pride.

Their sense of humor has never deserted the British, and in the darker moments of the war was of inestimable value. Was the Battle of the Atlantic getting rather disturbing? Some one would tell how he had gone into a travel bureau to buy railroad tickets; how a neatly

dressed old lady had wandered in; and how she had said, in an appealing tone, to the clerk: "Do you know of any nice sea voyages?" Or perhaps the air raids had begun to touch people's nerves. Somebody would tell how, in London, he had heard a stately lady from the South Coast remark, after some particularly indiscriminate raid: "Who would have dreamed that twenty centuries after the opening of the Christian era, supposedly civilized people would be dropping bombs on helpless towns?—And on Bournemouth at that!" I lunched once with a young man from the navy, who had volunteered for the special squad which deals with unexploded bombs by removing the fuses. He deprecated the idea of danger, saying that he stood only one chance in five hundred of getting a bomb which would kill him. Then he described with great humor how, when a big bomb had been unearthed, he applied a stethoscope to its fat side. If he heard a ticking noise he knew that it was a time-bomb with clockwork inside, and acted with frantic haste to reach the clock before it went off. If he heard a fizzing noise he knew that it would be set off when some acid ate through a zinc plate, and again he labored with frantic haste. If it were just a plain bomb, he unscrewed the tip. The officer described how he took a nip of whiskey, and began the unscrewing; then took a second nip, and gave it another twirl; and so on to the end. It all seemed really diverting. He told of a friend who had dealt with a huge bomb near Bristol. When he left his lodgings that morning, the landlady asked him if

he would be back for dinner. "I don't know, ma'am," he said. "I'm going to work over here. If you hear a big explosion, you'll know I'm not coming back for dinner. If you don't hear anything, set a plate." The young naval officer laughed with less nervousness than we his hearers.

There is something touching in the admiration the British people feel for their accepted leader. They criticize Mr. Churchill sometimes; but on the occasions of his great speeches the whole population collects about the radio, and their patriotism rises with the swell of his eloquence. There is something touching also in their faith in Franklin D. Roosevelt and the American people. (One of England's popular songs is "Thank You, Mr. Roosevelt.") They have their moments of discouragement, and their soft and flabby elements of appeasers and defeatists. But both are insignificant.

Even if they lost Mr. Churchill, they would fight on. Even if they lost the aid of Mr. Roosevelt and the American people (and that would be one of the great crimes of history), they would fight on. They would go on fighting for three reasons. One is that they are Britons. The second is that compromise would be surrender, and surrender would be worse than death. The third is that they fervently believe that they are fighting for the greatest cause on earth—the defense of freedom, of democracy, and of civilization itself.

IX

Facing the Future

Every time I visited a heavily bombed town in Great Britain some one pointed out to me that the destruction was not an unmitigated evil. A vast amount of wretched housing and bad architecture had been blown away with the fine buildings.

In city after city the high explosives had fallen heaviest on the poorer districts. In London on the north side of the Thames I found the most appalling damage to housing by taking a tram from Liverpool Street into the area back of the East India docks. On the south side of the Thames I found it in the impoverished sections of Rotherhithe and Bermondsey. Extensive stretches of ruined slum housing here will never be lamented. It was the same in Birmingham, in Liverpool, and along the Clyde. Land-mines in these cities—a ton of high explosive dropped by parachute and exploding on contact so as to exert its destructive force laterally—had sometimes levelled a whole block.

“The cheap housing just collapsed,” a newspaperman told me in Birmingham. “A bomb would smash the corner house that bastioned a row of buildings, and the blast would topple them like matchboard. I used to visit friends in one such row. Once I noticed the wall of

the room bulging inward. I called my friend's attention to it. 'Oh,' he said, 'I keep telling my neighbor that he mustn't lean against that wall!'

Goering's clearance of both slums and jerry-building is a real benefit. Moreover, in a city like Coventry the general smash makes possible the creation of a civic center and much-needed open spaces. In Plymouth and Southampton it will permit the rebuilding of shabby business streets in dignified and commodious fashion.

All this is symbolic. Various British institutions, ways of life, and tastes which are being smashed by the war can be replaced by something better, and Britons know it. Arthur Greenwood, who is Minister without portfolio and in charge of plans for reconstruction, told the Commons in March that there could be no return to the easy days of go-as-you-please. "It will be found that out of this time of tragedy something big may come," he said. Indeed, it is already coming. As a result of my hasty six months' survey, I might make out the following list—admittedly very imperfect—of wartime changes which seem likely to have permanent results:

(1) Much of the redistribution of population may be permanent—and may be decidedly beneficial. The report of the Royal Commission on the Distribution of Industrial Population which was published a few months after the war began (January, 1940), showed that some unhealthy currents were running strong. Industrial population still tended to gravitate to the large cities; in particular, it was steadily enlarging the London area. Under

pressure of the war, determined efforts have been made to scatter and decentralize industry. Many large factories have been built in rural or semirural areas. Meanwhile, people literally by millions have moved from London and other great cities to the safer secondary centers. After the war London will in all likelihood remain permanently smaller; towns like Worcester, Oxford and Durham will remain permanently larger. And, it is to be hoped, some villages and rural districts will keep their present accretions of population.

I had an opportunity in late March to attend a conference on this subject in Oxford, called by the Garden Cities and Town Planning Association. The chairman of the Royal Commission on the Location of Industry was present, with numerous city architects, M.P.'s and others of influence. They generally agreed that the decentralization and regionalization of industry were imperative. Some counties which have been neglected by industry can be developed without spoiling their beauties—Hampshire, Gloucestershire, Somerset, Cumberland, Westmoreland and parts of Scotland. It was also generally agreed that satellite towns, each a completely self-contained entity, ought to be built up around the larger cities. Much was said about the future position of centers like Stratford, Rugby, Oxford, Bath, and Canterbury, which have been resisting the march of industry. Some delegates expressed the view that they ought not to be made industrial centers, nor should they be kept as museum pieces (Oxford and Rugby are already

far from that!); they should have a moderate amount of suitable industry.

(2) Agriculture has been rescued as a basic occupation; and if some powerful British groups have their way, it will be kept in the important position it has regained. This will not be done in an effort to correct the over-urbanization of Britain; that can better be attacked in other ways—by decentralizing industry, and by developing transport facilities to give city people more rural contacts. Nor will it be done in order to diminish Great Britain's dependence on imported food as a matter of national security. If all factors are taken into account, security might not be enhanced in this way. For one reason, to diminish food imports would injure the merchant marine and the shipbuilding trade, both vital to Britain in wartime. Great Britain must continue her well-tested policy of exchanging large quantities of manufactured goods for large quantities of imported foodstuffs. And for that matter, the country could never make itself self-sufficing unless it accepted a reduction in population which would turn it into a third-rate power; and population has been increasing.

The primary reason for developing British agriculture to a high level is to enable it to make larger contributions to national health. Great dietary changes have recently taken place in England as in America. More emphasis is now thrown on "health-protection" foods as supplementary to body-building and energizing foods. These health-conserving foods include milk, butter,

fresh fruit, vegetables and eggs. It happens that these are just the products which British agriculture is best fitted to turn out. That fact was expounded in detail just before the war by the report of an investigative commission organized by Viscount Astor and B. Seeböhm Rowntree. The conflict has underlined its conclusions. British agriculture is today being petted and protected as never before. The idea held by progressive students is that it will be maintained after the war as an intensive agriculture devoted largely to dairy products, poultry products, green foods, and fruits, and employing a greater proportion of the population than in the old days. Larger sums will be spent on agricultural research of the kind now carried on at Rothamsted, on plant and animal breeding, and on fertilizers. More attention will be given to housing, water supply, and social advantages in the country. Where necessary, Land Improvement Commissions will buy up and improve badly tilled areas.

(3) Greatly increased emphasis seems certain to be given to welfare services of one sort or another. Everywhere I went I found that the convulsions of the war had led to an extraordinary extension of Government activity in matters affecting health, safety, and comfort. The Ministry of Health, for example, was toiling fiercely. It set up rest centers, first-aid posts, and improvised hospitals in or about every blitzed town. It was mainly responsible for the evacuation centers and billets. When thousands of children were suddenly

taken from home, as in London in the fall of 1940 and in Plymouth in May, 1941, it had to establish nursery centers, arrangements for communal feeding, public baths and laundries, and community clubs.

Maternity homes have been established on a large scale. For London mothers alone sixty houses were being maintained this spring, with a capacity of 3000 births a month. The Ministry of Works and Buildings has been kept busy on only a smaller scale. Public agencies have been harshly criticized for not doing more—but they have done much.

The result, as anybody who travels over Britain can see, has been to familiarize a great part of the public for the first time with really high standards of welfare service. Two groups in particular have learned much. One is the slum population; evacuation to the country has given multitudes their first real knowledge of what fresh air, wholesome green food and plenty of water may mean. (I was told in every town that the manners of slum children have been startlingly improved by their billeting in middle-class homes.) The other group most benefited is the population of backward rural districts. When the Government took control in evacuation districts, its officers frequently came into conflict with unenlightened local authorities. A clash between urban and rural standards in health and housing took place. In consequence, some bright improvements have taken place in darkly isolated countrysides.

(4) Town planning will have an unprecedented op-

portunity after the war. Hitherto planning has been purely local. Now a national agency, the Ministry of Works and Buildings under Lord Reith, is dealing with the subject. National direction will be absolutely necessary, for rebuilding the stricken cities will require a prolonged control of labor and materials.

(5) British labor will find its status in at least certain industries improved when the war ends; and it will make a determined effort to hold and enlarge this improvement. The Essential Work Orders, as I have pointed out, have been issued only after the industries to which they apply have been reorganized by a tripartite arrangement of government, labor, and capital. In exchange for their acceptance of conscription, the workingmen have been assured of continuous employment, better wages, and brighter working conditions. After the war labor will of course insist that conscription be dropped. But will the new charters be dropped along with it? The miners who have enjoyed a full work week for the first time in their history will certainly make a determined fight to retain it, even if the mines have to be nationalized for the purpose. The merchant seamen who have been protected against loss of jobs, bad quarters, and neglect when ashore will demand a continuance of these gains. It must be remembered that as early as October 5, 1939, Prime Minister Chamberlain told the heads of the Trade Union Congress that he wished to have the unions directly associated with the war effort of the nation. As a result of that step and

the ensuing orders to government departments, the unions have been fully consulted on every question affecting the wartime organization of industry, the regulation of labor, the fixing of prices, and the rationing of commodities. Will they give up this privileged position when victory comes? They will insist upon holding it, and use it to give the workingmen and workingwomen a larger share of the national income and a securer welfare.

(6) The redistribution of industry and population, the replanning of cities, welfare work and education, and other changes will very possibly bring about a striking readjustment of administration. A foundation for this has already been laid by the exigencies of defense. Twelve civil defense "regions" have been called into existence, each with its regional commissioner and subordinate officers. Scotland is a "region" with a commissioner at Edinburgh; Wales is one with a commissioner at Cardiff; Nottingham is the center of a region; Manchester of another, and so on. The convenience of these new divisions has focused attention on the chaotic nature of city, county, and local government in Great Britain. London, for example, has ninety-five local authorities with several of wider scope. A drastic reorganization is long overdue.

(7) Above all, many of the features of industrial concentration and governmental control imposed by the war will certainly remain. They will reshape all British life. The State now has full charge of nearly all British

effort. It controls all the important raw materials; it allocates shipping space for imports and exports; it regulates the flow of labor and the use of machinery. It can requisition any commodity, any factory and (within limits) any man's time and effort. For months now it has been rigorously and inexorably shutting down non-essential activities in order to concentrate men and materials in essential undertakings.

It is absurd to think that industries which are thus being concentrated in a few centers can be wholly unscrambled. A high degree of concentration and "rationalization" will persist. It is absurd to think that the somewhat similar process of concentration in the retail trades can be undone. Thousands of the small shops which have recently closed will never reopen. And it is of course preposterous to think that the government can swiftly lift the rationing controls it has imposed upon food, clothing and other commodities. If it did the result would be a terrific scramble for the goods with which Britons are now dispensing; prices would rise dizzily and the whole life of the country would be disorganized.

We need not fear that Britain will go in for Fascism—unless the war ends in a draw which demands the heaviest kind of armed preparedness for a renewal of the conflict. We need not fear that Great Britain will become an out-and-out Socialist state; the British are far too individualistic for that. But capitalism of the pre-war variety will not be restored. It will be strongly and

permanently modified by state action. It will be modified, too, by a truer democracy, for which the common sacrifices of the war period and the fraternalism now so widely evident will pave the way.

While the British expect to win the war they do not look to the future with bright hopes. They know that the incredible costs of this conflict will leave all Europe, including themselves, struggling in poverty. Nearly every one looks forward to a pronounced inflation. One evidence of this is, as I have noted, the widespread scramble for the purchase of land. The college to which I was attached at Oxford was trying to put part of its resources into farming land; so, apparently, were nearly all the other institutions and people in England with ready money. The British are quite aware that the sharp social and economic readjustments of the past few years will be continued over a long period, and that many large groups will be painfully pinched. The old middle classes will unquestionably be far worse off than before the war; and many of its members will not take as much comfort as they should from the fact that in post-war Britain the idea of "classes" will seem nearly obsolete.

Workingmen, too, look for a period of hard times after the conflict. Of that fact my own conversations with laboring people would convince me. But better evidence is afforded by an investigation into the savings habits of certain industrial communities carried out since the war began. The inquiry polled large numbers of workers to learn if they took an "optimistic" or "pessi-

mistic" view of the post-war period. In most of the towns dealt with, the predominant response was pessimistic. Especially in centers where the people depended on one industry, such as shipbuilding or coal mining, remembrance of the black years of unemployment and suffering after the last war was keen. Many workers there were saving hard for the rainy day ahead.

But the British nevertheless envisage some valuable compensations for their present sufferings. One, of course, is a liberated and reorganized Europe. They expect to overthrow Nazism with a completeness which will make its revival utterly impossible. They expect to extirpate every Quisling who has arisen in the conquered countries. They look forward to a vindication and rehabilitation of democracy over a great part of the Continent. They believe, too, that an organized world must replace the anarchy which has now led to two great wars. Labor spokesmen in particular are insisting that war cannot be abolished unless its economic causes are abolished; and that the foundations of peace must be economic security, social justice, and a reasonable prosperity for individuals and nations alike. In that justice and prosperity they wish, as men like Attlee have plainly said, to see a liberated Germany receive her full share.

But this is not all. A host of Englishmen hope that the immense changes which are under way in the country, though often agonizing in their immediate effects, will do something to make Great Britain a true land of hope and glory. They believe that the war has liberated forces

which will mould the country into a true democracy. They assert that their present effort shows the power of the nation to loose a flood of creative energy, and that statesmen can apply this to the objects of peace as easily as to those of war.

Radicalism has taken a deep hold in the island, but it is a sane and not an irresponsible or reckless kind of radicalism. No doubt the present strong State control of industry will mean a good deal more of State ownership after the war. No doubt the present strong State control of finance will mean a fairly drastic distribution and equalization of wealth. But these will not be the most important changes. A greater significance will attach to the scrapping of a wide variety of outdated social institutions, and of unfair and wasteful economic practices. Out of the melting pot may well come a new and better society in Britain. At any rate, millions of people are determined to try to make reconstruction mean the creation of the finest civilization their green island has yet seen.

WITH the collapse of France came a flood of books dealing with the problem of the mysterious panic that had seized the French people; its background and the immediate causes. As attention then centered increasingly on England and the amazing qualities the British people showed under stress of the Battle of Britain, books on England began to appear—"Report on England," "England Under Fire," "Bomber's Moon," "The White Cliffs," "I Have Loved England," "Blood, Sweat and Tears." Presumably the Russian episode will presently be reflected in the book market.

Some of these books have proved simply current pamphlets; interesting, but soon dated. Others are of more lasting value. Discussions of the background and traits of the British people are of especial importance. For good or ill, our fate is bound up with theirs. But while we speak the same language and cherish the same great ideals of liberty under law we must recognize that after all we are two different peoples with different social structures and often with different folkways. It is essential that we understand each other.

The three volumes here reviewed constitute a real contribution to understanding Britain and the British. Professor Nevins, as a result of a year of teaching American history at Oxford, presents an informative account of wartime England. Mr. Carr, a British journalist, offers a penetrating yet lively analysis of British traits. Mr. Hinchman, professor of English in the Milton academy, Milton, Mass., has succeeded in writing a cultural history that furnishes a background for the England of today.

REALISTS WITH HUMOR.

The chapter headings of the rather brief Nevins book suggest the field it covers—"Britain and the Bombings," "The Food Problem," "What of the Workers?" "The Government and War Prosecution," and so on. Mr. Nevins, whose biographies have won wide recognition, proves himself a competent interpretative reporter. He finds among the British "a stern readiness to accept the worst realities, and actual preference for predictions of blood, sweat and tears over the brighter blandishments of hope... They like to think that when God wants a particularly hard job done he sends for his Englishmen. But this pride, the patriotism and the dourness are all tempered by a saving sense of humor—the humor of Sam Weller looking at himself and the wry world."

Nevins in England.

Allan Nevins, American historian who has twice won the Pulitzer prize in his field, gathered material for his new book, "This Is England Today," while lecturing at Oxford and traveling widely in England to speak in factories, churches and public halls.

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